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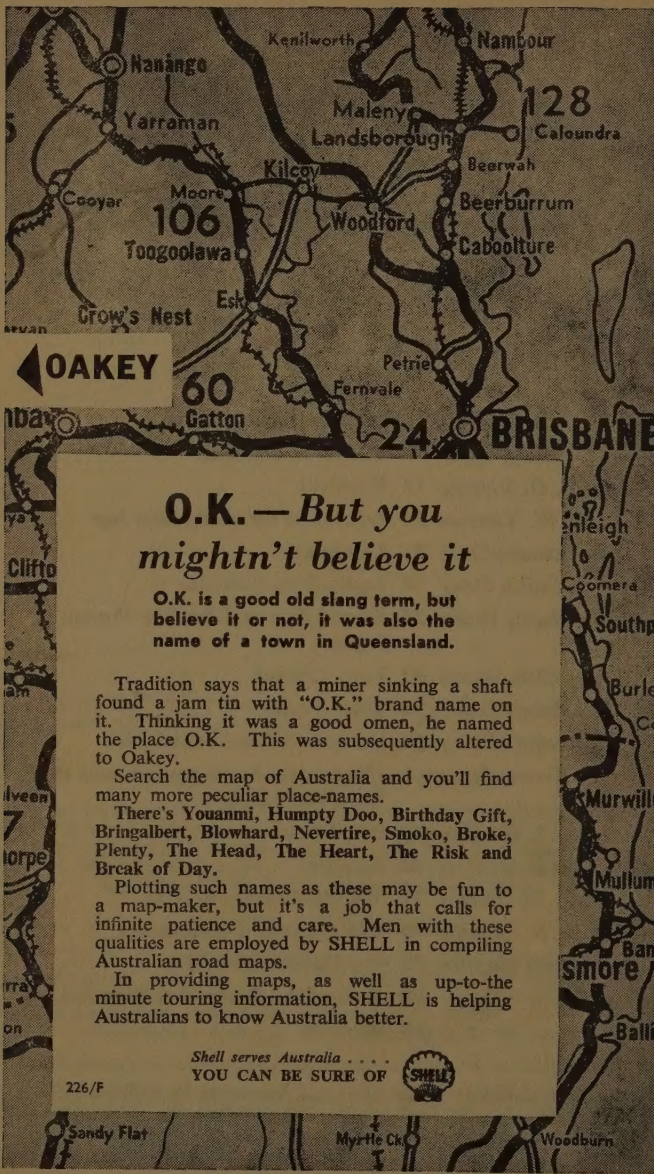

O.K. — *But you mightn't believe it*

O.K. is a good old slang term, but believe it or not, it was also the name of a town in Queensland.

Tradition says that a miner sinking a shaft found a jam tin with "O.K." brand name on it. Thinking it was a good omen, he named the place O.K. This was subsequently altered to Oakey.

Search the map of Australia and you'll find many more peculiar place-names.

There's Youanmi, Humpty Doo, Birthday Gift, Bringalbert, Blowhard, Nevertire, Smoko, Broke, Plenty, The Head, The Heart, The Risk and Break of Day.

Plotting such names as these may be fun to a map-maker, but it's a job that calls for infinite patience and care. Men with these qualities are employed by SHELL in compiling Australian road maps.

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COMMENT

TWO WAYS OF THOUGHT

AMONG supporters of freedom today there are two main approaches which are very different from one another. On one view the lesson of history and philosophy s that the only secure basis of civil liberty is scepticism with egard to all those general ideas which move men's minds, mould heir sentiments and form their institutions. Men must give up he vain pretence that genuine knowledge is possible concerning o the nature and destiny of man, the moral law, human rights, nd other ideas hitherto thought constitutive for Western society. Only when it is admitted that all supposed moral truths, meta- hysical certainties, or theological doctrines are equally un- ertain and unverifiable will civil toleration of diverse opinions e securely granted. It is belief as such that is the danger, any ort of belief, whether religious or secular, whether in Christ r Communism or Liberty Equality Fraternity. As soon as men egard their unverifiable opinions as certain they want to per- ecute and fight wars in order to enforce them on the world. iberty, on this sceptical or agnostic view, is not a principle vhich forms part of a rational philosophy of society; it is rather non-rational demand or a practical recommendation. This s the sort of position adopted by Bertrand Russell, as expressed n his *Human Society in Ethics and Politics*. He insists that reason ignifies only 'the choice of the right means to an end' and 'has othing whatever to do with the choice of ends', which are letermined by desire, emotion, passion; and he concludes that *ll* faiths do harm'.

The other view is that history and philosophy show that the nly secure basis of civil liberty is clear appropriate beliefs bout the value and dignity of the individual human person and he freedom of his intellect and will. Civil liberty is seen as he outcome of these convictions, the good society being one vhich respects man's nature and provides as far as possible for he exercise of intellectual choice and moral responsibility. The antidote to the illiberal tendency to proceed from strong elief to the civil penalizing of dissent is not to abandon the ttempt to get a true theory of man but to discover in that theory hose requirements of spiritual freedom, charity, and regard for he common good which enjoin a principled and prudent oleration in modern communities.

To attempt to settle the philosophical conflict involved in these two approaches is beyond the scope of this editorial comment, but a few practical observations can be made.

Appearances are often deceptive. The person who would subscribe himself sceptical with regard to the possibilities of certainty may be inconsistent and in fact live out of deep-seated convictions acquired from social tradition.

Certainly society is not in its constitution and history agnostic, nor can it be. The Crown, the Parliament, the Common Law, the Courts, institutions by which civil freedom is established on the basis of order and reasonable authority, all contain or imply propositions about man's nature, rights and duties which constitute a 'public philosophy'. Consistent philosophical agnosticism denies the claim to rationality of these propositions and robs the institutions of that legitimacy which they derive from it. The same is true for those institutions which more intimately mould the individual's development, the family, the professional or trade association, and the church. It is a matter for consideration whether freedom flourishes most securely when the institutions of society are stripped of the very possibility of being based on rational truths and moral certainties. One of the predisposing conditions for the rise of totalitarianism was a widespread loss of certainty and a devaluation of traditional loyalties, resulting in a disordered drift—hence acute anxiety and loss of resistance to irrational forces promising a 'new order'. Erich Meissner rightly says: 'The towering prison of the Totalitarian State is built upon the rubble of the bourgeois age, upon modern doubt unconquered'.

Above all there is the simple fact that the price of liberty is not eternal indecision but the determination to work, resist, fight, and if necessary die. Studies of prisoners-or-war and others who have been subjected to the brainwashing techniques which are the latest form of attack on human liberty reveal as Edward Hunter reports in his book *Brainwashing* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, N.Y.) that what counted most in the ability to resist was clear strong convictions, religious or merely civic, with an understanding of the reasons for those convictions. 'The secret was in knowing what they believed and why'. Those who succumbed were those who fulfilled most nearly the agnostic programme. 'Without convictions, a man was soft clay in the hands of the Reds'. Hunter observes also: 'Another push-over for the indoctrinators was the indecisive mind, especially the falsely academic kind . . . They saved the Communist brain-washers a great deal of time and work'.

UNIVERSITY PROBLEMS

RATHER belatedly, awareness is growing that important issues of principle may be involved in recent happenings in several Australian Universities. Mr J. H. Wootten discussed one aspect in the last issue of *Quadrant*. Since then there has been much comment on the legislation introduced by the Gair Government in Queensland which breached the tradition of university self-government by setting up an outside appeal board on the public-service model. Among the public protests was a statement issued by the Australian Association for Cultural Freedom. It is difficult to convince people of the fact the the considerations involved in a university appointment cannot be assimilated to those in public service appointments and must remain the task of the academic community. That is admittedly not a complete guarantee against unfairness and misjudgment, but every system can be abused, and the remedy does not lie in creating a worse abuse.

Clearly the need has arisen for a thorough study of the practical safeguards required for the maintenance of essential academic rights. It is to be hoped that the unwieldy federal machinery of the staff associations of the Universities does not prevent them from taking action on these issues. Meanwhile the Executive Committee of the Australian Association for Cultural Freedom has instituted a study of problems of appointment and dismissal of university staff.

An interim remark may perhaps be relevant now. The doctrine of academic freedom is not a doctrine of intellectual and moral irresponsibility. The people should not be left by wild talk with the impression that what is claimed for university teachers is the right to say and do anything at all, free from censure or restraint. No more is claimed than what is required for the fulfilment of the obligations of academic office which are: to seek truth purely, to profess and impart it fearlessly, and to guard the standards of scholarship. This is the vital core of a university. It must not be prejudiced by the pressure of the giant new problem which is expanding within the old university framework and threatening to burst it, namely, the problem of the *tertiary-level training* of skilled workers for industry and administration, urgent though this requirement is for the development and defence of Australia.

MEDITATION ON A BONE

A. D. Hope

A piece of bone, found at Trondhjem in 1901, had the following runic inscription (about A.D. 1050) cut on it: *I loved her as a maiden; I will not trouble Erlend's detestable wife; better she should be a widow.*

Words scored upon a bone,
Scratched in despair or rage—
Nine hundred years have gone;
Now, in another age
They burn with passion on
A scholar's tranquil page.

The scholar takes his pen
And turns the bone about,
And writes those words again.
Once more they seethe and shout,
And through a human brain
Undying hate rings out.

'I loved her when a maid;
I loathe and love the wife
That warms another's bed:
Let him beware his life!'
The scholar's hand is stayed;
His pen becomes a knife

To grave in living bone
The fierce archaic cry.
He sits and reads his own
Dull sum of misery.
A thousand years have flown
Before that ink is dry.

And, in a foreign tongue,
A man, who is not he,
Reads and his heart is wrung
This ancient grief to see,
And thinks: When I am dung,
What bone shall speak of me?

CANBERRA DATELINE

THE PRESS AND THE POLITICIANS

George Baker

THE Parliament House in Canberra usually seems as deserted as a whited cenotaph. It comes to life for only three days a week during the five or six months of the year when the Parliament sits. Then it hums like a hive; people stream through its doors and along its corridors; division bells shrill; by day flags fly over the protruding roofs of the Senate and House of Representatives chambers, and by night a red and a green light burn above the one and the other, like navigation lights on the Ship of State. But even when the Parliament is down, a subdued life persists within its large, but neither grand nor vast, building. On weekdays the staffs of the two Houses work in their offices on the ground floor; on most days of the year, and often far into the night, the Prime Minister sits at his endless task in the office on the first floor, in the North-East corner of the building; and on any day of the year journalists are on duty up in the warrens of offices that cluster round the roof and open through corridors into the press galleries above the floor of the Senate and the House.

The *Press Gallery* is an ambiguous term. It can mean the actual gallery where journalists sit to report the proceedings of either House; it can mean the adjacent offices that serve as headquarters for the various press organizations represented in Canberra; or by extension, it can mean the whole body of journalists employed there. In this third sense, the gallery is something of a social club, something of a guild, and something of a disciplinary authority responsible to the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House for the good behaviour of its members. It has its peculiar ethos which imposes a code of behaviour; and it elects officers and a committee with vague powers to regulate its affairs.

The gallery has four classes of members. The most important comprises the fifteen-or-so heads of services—one for each of the metropolitan dailies except *The Hobart Mercury*, one for Australian United Press (the only agency with an independent Canberra office), and one for the news service of the Australian Broadcasting Commission. The second class consists of the permanent Canberra staffs of the several services—for most

papers one or two journalists, though one paper has three. Several free-lance journalists make up the third class. In most respects they enjoy the status of heads of services. They write for periodicals and overseas papers and may do public relations work for diplomatic missions and groups of lobbyists. The fourth class consists of the 'sessional staffs' sent by their papers to Canberra during sittings of the Parliament.

A head of service earns between £1,500 and £2,000 a year, has an entertainment allowance, and may be provided with a house and a car. His paper expects him to be on call at all times; he often works a fourteen-hour day, specially when the Parliament is sitting. Each week he writes a political commentary of between one-thousand and two-thousand words. If his paper is of the 'informative' sort, his 'weekly piece' will be a sober interpretation of events without much guesswork; if his paper is 'entertaining' the weekly piece will have to be 'colourful' and probably conjectural—a scandal, a prediction of events, or some other 'inside story' which, without requiring of his readers any serious interest in politics, or otherwise taxing their intellectual powers, will give them an illusion of being 'in the know'. The head of service is usually short of staff and obliged to do more than his reasonable share of routine work; as a result, his weekly piece is probably devised in haste and written indifferently.

The gallery collects nearly all the news that goes out of Canberra—*nearly* all, because a Canberra hotel frequented by politicians recently dismissed one of its domestic staff on suspicion of serving as correspondent for a European news service. The employee in question was thought to be collecting news at those moments of great informality when the politicians are relaxing after the day's work. Canberra undoubtedly shelters several part-time news collectors of one sort and another.

Every Canberra journalist has to cope with difficulties arising from his paper's idiosyncratic policies. A yellowing teleprinter message preserved by a certain senior head of service vividly illustrates the point. The message begins in this fashion:

> MEMO FROM EDITOR
> TO CANBERRA REP
> SYDBOURNE TUESDAY—TOS 12:35 A
> MAKE GOWRIE SAY THAT . . . .

The only thing odd about this message is its reference to a Governor-General; a head of service will commonly receive instructions to make the Prime Minister or a mere Minister of

State say something improbable for publication in a story devised at his paper's head office. Seldom, of course, does he succeed. In their dealings with the press, politicians are either downy birds or dead ducks; and no Minister will make a statement to suit a newspaper unless it also suits his own convenience.

Most of the Canberra journalist's news comes from the public relations organizations of the Government and the Opposition, from interviews with politicians and officials, from meetings of the Government and Opposition parties, from meetings of the Loan Council and other official bodies, and from lobby organizations such as the Australian Primary Producers Union and the Federated Chambers of Manufactures. One of his difficulties is that the Cabinet and the other assemblies meet in secret and seldom publish the details or even the results of their deliberations. Likewise the Departments of State have a general obligation and inclination to maintain secrecy about many of their newsworthy doings. The lobby organizations are ready to talk long and loud, but what they say for public consumption is seldom either news or the whole truth. Fortunately for the journalist, all these bodies are composed of ordinary people, many of whom seem unable to refrain from talking, even to the known journalist. These loquacious people (called 'leaks' or 'leakers') are his bread and butter. They come in three sorts: the involuntary leaker, who apparently talks because he cannot help himself; the person who leaks for indirect reward (none will do it for crude hire); and the person who leaks as in duty bound, to say what cannot be said by open statement. Information from involuntary leakers must be treated with great reserve, because they are often vain, disgruntled or mischievous, and are shameless liars; information from leakers for indirect reward is more trustworthy, though it may be tendentiously incomplete; and information from official leakers may be true or misleading according to their purpose, which the journalist must try to divine.

The best way to set an involuntary leaker talking is to appeal to his sympathy and his sense of mission or self-importance which is frustrated by rigid party discipline. The leaker for indirect reward may require of the journalist any of several *quid pro quo*'s: he may have a hobby horse—some pet plan for which he wants publicity; he may feel piqued by his party's or a Minister's treatment and seek revenge in the publication of secret or embarrassing information; or he may simply want to keep his name before the public by having it regularly and favourably mentioned in the journalist's stories and articles. The leaker's

arrangement with the journalist will usually be neither specific nor detailed, and may even be unspoken, but each will know what to expect of the other.

Leaks from Government party meetings are common; from Opposition party meetings they are the rule. On Wednesdays when the Parliament is sitting, at about noon, the journalists gather in a body in King's Hall to watch the Members and Senators as they emerge from the two party meetings. At this moment, when the flushes are still hot on their cheeks, their demeanour is often highly revealing. When the inspection is over, the journalists go to their offices and telephone to their favourite leakers. The staffs of the morning papers then have the rest of the day to verify and to collate what they have seen and heard. Each piece of information can become the means of prising out another piece: the journalist lets drop in conversation with a politician what he does know, and the politician, imagining him to know more than he has said, lets out another bit of the story.

For well over two years, since the great Labor schism on Communism and Religion, leaks from Opposition party meetings have come in profusion. To the journalist these have been an *embarras de choix*, for he has had the utmost difficulty in discovering who, if anyone, has been telling the truth. Despite all the difficulties, Thursday morning's papers usually run remarkably accurate stories on the two party meetings.

Leaks from Mr Menzies' Cabinets are rare. But under previous prime ministers, especially under Labor ones, Cabinet leaks were common. The sieve-like leakiness of Labor Cabinets has complex causes: the Ministers tend to regard the Executive Councillor's oath as an empty formality; they set little store by the doctrine of collective Cabinet responsibility, which some of them barely understand; they are not chosen by the Prime Minister and responsible to him, but are elected by caucus and owe a special responsibility to the cliques which brought about their elections; and the vestigial decorum, which in some measure still decently moderates the ambition and conduct of Liberal and Country Party Ministers, act less effectively upon their Labor counterparts. Future prime ministers, however, both Liberal and Labor, who are less formidable than Mr Menzies, will certainly be troubled by leaky cabinets.

Public servants seldom leak except as in duty bound. Those who leak for other reasons are usually silly fellows from the newer or the intensely 'political' Departments, such as External Affairs and the Treasury.

The most interesting sources of news are the Prime Minister's press conferences, though they happen at irregular intervals and yield little information. At the hour appointed, twenty or more journalists gather at the end of the Ministerial lobby of the House, by the entrance to the Prime Minister's suite. Mr Menzies' press secretary, Hugh Dash, who hides the light of his shrewdness under the ample bushel of a buffoon, regales them with smutty stories from his vast repertoire until his chief is ready to receive them. Then he ushers them into Mr Menzies' office and switches on the tape recorder from which transcripts of the conference are later taken and distributed to all present. It is a commodious, rectangular room, panelled in dark wood, well lit and covered with a royal blue carpet. Mr Menzies sits at a broad desk, his back squarely to the windows that face Mount Ainslie. Behind him and slightly to his left, low on the wall, is a complex telephone switchboard which he can operate by swivelling in his chair. As the journalists enter and dispose themselves in a semicircle, some crowding to the desk as though to catch each falling crumb of wisdom and others standing back or sitting on the seats and arms of blue leather chairs, Mr Menzies surveys them, raising and lowering his remarkable black eyebrows. His long Phoenician face and head he cocks quizzically on one side. In a tone more or less of invitation he says, 'Well now?' Somebody fires the first question and a series of questions follows; a few of them are pertinent, but most are surprisingly irrelevant and some are maladroit. Mr Menzies answers them patiently, with a sparkle of wit here and a glint of irony there. He is one of Australia's few public men who speaks faultless extemporaneous English. His cadences are euphonic; his voice is effortless; and his sentences are lengthy and conversational, sometimes labyrinthine with relative clauses and parentheses, but always elegantly turned and grammatical. To the envious or the illiterate ear this makes them seem, not admirable, but all specious, whether they are or not. The newcomer to Mr Menzies' press conferences is liable to find the manner of the answers so fascinating as to distract attention from their substance. Analysis often proves this to be slight and the answers to be polite, covert refusals of information. When the stream of questions dries up, Mr Menzies lifts his hands from where they have lain, palms down, on his desk, looks round inquiringly, cracks a joke, and ends the conference.

From time to time Dr Evatt sees the press in his room off the Opposition lobby of the House, overlooking its courtyard. His conferences are different from Mr Menzies, but equally

unrewarding. Although as Leader of the Opposition he is entitled to a press secretary paid by the Commonwealth (and badly needs one) Dr Evatt has chosen none to replace Mr Fergan O'Sullivan who left him soon after the Royal Commission on Espionage had revealed Mr O'Sullivan's communications with the former Soviet Embassy in Canberra. Dr Evatt usually appears himself at the door of his room to bid the journalists enter. By contrast with the lightness and airiness of the Prime Minister's room, Dr Evatt's is close and dark. A desk lamp sheds a pool of light on a green blotting pad that throws greenish light back onto his pale face giving him the look of a plump pantomime fiend. He begins the conference by reading a prepared statement, usually long and repetitive. His nasal and uncultivated voice at first shocks those aware of his scholarly reputation. Whenever remotely appropriate the voice grows plangent with scorn or indignation; otherwise it is expressionless. When he has finished reading, he may heave himself up from his chair and hold aside a curtain to look out absently on the two noble Lombardy populars that grow in the centre of the courtyard. He answers questions seriously and hesitantly, as though he were looking for a trap—it is all very different from Mr Menzies' lighter and more fluent manner. The answers are noncommittal; Dr Evatt has said in the prepared statement all he means to say and will add nothing. Soon he swings round from the window with a dismissive 'Right then . . .' As the journalists rise and move towards the door, he may ask one of them to remain behind for a private talk—or to receive a wigging.

The Treasurer, Sir Arthur Fadden, who is also Leader of the Country Party and Deputy Prime Minister, gives press conferences only when he is acting Prime Minister during Mr Menzies' absences overseas. He is no more communicative than his chief, but his press conferences are such pleasant affairs that the journalists look forward to them. Sir Arthur's great place and heavy responsibilities have never extinguished his high spirits and intense humanity. Despite his years, weight and position, he remains something of the able, roistering young Queenslander who, at twenty two, was town clerk of Mackay and a successful lightweight boxer. But since then he has become a tough and cunning politician. He has no press secretary, but he does have a familiar, Ulrich Ellis, who is at any time likely to materialise at his elbow. Ulrich was secretary to Sir Earl Page in the great days of the Country Party, thirty years ago; ready for all occasions: he is now the party's enigmatic and indefatigable handyman, ready for all occasions.

Since the Menzies Government came to power in 1949, it has perfected the system of releasing news in duplicated statements or 'handouts', a copy to each office in the gallery. The present handout system lends Government information a careful coherence and enables the Government—it might be more strictly accurate to say, the Prime Minister—to keep close tally on just what, and how much of it, is released for publication. Under previous Governments, journalists made a daily round of the Ministers and Departments in Canberra, gleaning what news each had to offer. The present system, of course, suits the Government far better, and is certain to be retained by future Federal Governments.

The Parliament House has no green baize doors; on the contrary, life within its walls is too democratically promiscuous for the inmates' ease and the public good. Nor do the Members and Senators enjoy the solid comfort, domestic and unostentatious, which makes the Palace of Westminster a suitable place for political work and one of London's best clubs. The atmosphere in Canberra is more that of a preternaturally clean and well-appointed railway terminus. The Members' bar has plastic and chromium tables and chairs; what are known as the Commonwealth Parliamentary Refreshment Rooms have heavy 'vitrified' crockery, and cutlery (of the kind known in the Air Force as 'eating irons') crudely stamped with 'C.P.R.R.'; every wash-room in the building including the Prime Minister's, has strong liquid soap and paper towels. So far as the place has any backstairs life, the journalists live it. They eat in a little oven of a staff dining room, jostling porters, policemen, stenographers— and the permanent heads of Departments whose Ministers have summoned them from Melbourne on business, but without thinking to arrange for them to use the pleasanter dining room reserved for Members' and Senators' guests. The journalists drink (with surprising moderation) in a little charnel-house of a bar tucked away in a remote corner near the kitchens.

But even if the journalists had the full run of the building, they would do very little harm, for they are the discreetest men alive. When one considers what they know about the politicians and refrain from writing—not shameful things necessarily, but personal quirks and crotchets which, set down in cold print, would dissolve the electorate into helpless laughter —one stands astonished at the journalists' moderation.

George Baker

SYMBOL OF ENLIGHTENED SELF-INTEREST

The globe-encircling enterprise of Nestlés, whose old-style but world-respected trade mark is depicted here, has over 48,000 employees and 136 plants in 31 countries, including Australia. More importantly, it is changing the dietary habits and sparking new dairy industries in areas all over the world.

Nestlé's foods are eaten almost everywhere; travellers on the Orient express sip its Nescafé; explorers on safari in Africa eat its dehydrated Maggi soups; and women on rubber plantations in Sumatra raise their babies on the Company's canned milk and infant foods.

Motivated by enlightened self-interest, Nestlé's salesmen also act as nutrition missionaries to backwoods regions on every continent. Native women in Central Africa learn about infant care from Nestlé's pamphlets, which use "comic book" techniques. On Ceylon tea plantations prospective mothers get dietary information from Nestlé's films shown on portable screens.

As a result of Nestlé's pioneer work, tens of thousands of cows are now grazing on tropical pastures; prosperous dairy industries are developing in areas that never had dairies before. This means new jobs, better diet in those areas.

* * * * * *

Yes, Nestlé's is big business. But Nestlé's makes and sells food products, products wanted and needed by everyday men and women. In Australia, these Nestlé's products are, in the main, sold by small businesses, by small stores dotted here, there and everywhere all over the Commonwealth. Outside the cities, and even within them, small and relatively small businesses are Nestlé's main sales outlets. In simple words, the success of the big Nestlé's business hinges on the success of very much smaller enterprises.

NESTLÉ'S FOOD SPECIALITIES (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED

The Nestlé's trade mark says "quality" in at least 24 different languages

NG2-56

CARNIVAL

E. O. Schlunke

JENKINS is sitting on the balcony of a second-rate country hotel, in a third-rate country town, looking down on the activities of a tenth-rate carnival company. He is feeling very bad because the place isn't nearly good enough for a man like him, and he is only there because his wife forced him into staying there very much against his will. So he evens things up a bit by mentally drawing up a coldly calculating inventory of the carnival company's assets and liabilities.

Merry-go-round: the cheapest spidery affair, on which the children have to make all their own fun, driven by a small petrol motor so worn that it needs a lot of help from the attendant. Music: from gramophone records through a raucous, overworked amplifier with a spring motor that the attendant has to keep winding up every few minutes. Stalls: two hoop-la and one toy-pistol shooting gallery, made out of propped up packing cases. Public Appeal: nil. Everything so cheap and tinny that even the children of this isolated place despise it.

But they can't despise it nearly as much as Jenkins does because they haven't his conception of what success means. Jenkins is not only the biggest man in his own Western city, but he has, as his local paper cringingly puts it, 'extensive interests throughout the North-Western section of the state'.

Normally all that a town such as this would see of Jenkins, would be the glitter and dust of his fabulously expensive car as he rushes from one of his 'interests' to the next. Yet this is where his wife deliberately got out of his car, and defied him to go on without her, even though she knew that he has an important business conference early next morning at his home town a hundred miles away.

She had gone to bed early because he felt like sitting up, and would just as assuredly have decided to sit up if he'd decided to go to bed. Jenkins sits there alone, trying to adjust his mind to the situation.

It appals Jenkins and it grieves him too, because it is so much in defiance of his well-thought-out plan for domestic felicity. He has always believed that in married life, as in business, there should be a right balance of give and take. You do this for me, and I'll do that for you. He has been handling his wife along these lines ever since their marriage, and now after twelve

years of it she has taken unprovoked, unilateral action to reject it with sneers and ridicule. All because when she again demanded that they go to live in Sydney he wouldn't agree.

His refusal has been fortified by the consciousness of a big credit of 'gives' on his part with no corresponding balance of 'takes'; and yet this is how she behaves. Jenkins cannot tolerate that sort of thing. He is a man who is very strong for 'principle'. His mind seethes with ideas for retaliation, just as it would if some business associate had attempted to evade the provisions of an agreement freely entered upon. He is astonished to find how differently he thinks of her, and how unfavourably she compares with other women he sees.

But that is only the beginning. A little later his wife wants something she has characteristically forgotten to take out of the car, and since he is eager enough to show that he wouldn't be petty-minded, he is off to the backyard where he has parked it. To get to the car he has to negotiate a steep flight of wooden steps going straight down, and while he is pausing, momentarily hesitating because they hardly look adequate to support his tonnage, a girl appears at the bottom and starts ascending. She is wearing a low-cut loose summery frock and the advantage he has in looking down gives him a surprisingly adequate view of her desirable young body. Her skin is a pale olive colour and the hair on the top of her head is a rich, dark black. He doesn't think she has seen him, but when she mounts the last few steps she looks straight into his eyes, a quick look that is both wanton and defiant. Her eyes are dark, gipsy-like and incredibly provocative. Their impact on Jenkins is as startling as a sharp blow in the abdomen. He stares after her like a callow, love-struck youth, and suddenly he finds his wife beside him. He looks at her, too startled for any smooth explanation. He continues to stare at her because she doesn't look at all like the picture he has carried round in his mind for the last ten years.

Always he has thought of her as young and beautiful, with her bright auburn hair, and her well cared for skin, and her pointed face with its faint pink flush. Always he has admired the way she wears her expensive clothes, but now he suddenly sees that despite them she is showing her age. Jenkins feels again that she has cheated him. All that money he has spent on her, and she can't compare with the girl he has just seen in the cheap cotton frock.

But all he says is: 'I was wondering if these stairs would stand my weight.' And down he goes, dramatically imagining that she'd like to see him killed, so that she'd have all his money.

So he sits there watching the carnival and positively hating his wife. He is now so depressed, that all his money and all his possessions and all his prestige are suddenly of no value to him. Life is a futile, meaningless mockery like the tin-pot carnival below.

Three half-caste aborigines have arrived. They are dressed in sports clothes with neatly combed, shiny black hair. Their faces are scarcely recognizably darker than a sun-tanned white man, and they are trying pathetically to look and act like the rest of the people. They watch the stalls with feigned indifference, because they know that if they started to play the games, there would be a marked drawing away by the other patrons, resulting in bad feeling all round. But they can't leave because their skilful fingers itch to encircle the packets of cigarettes and to ring the bell at the shooting gallery. Here, their demeanour seems to say, is life we could enjoy, and life we can nearly join in. Jenkins has never thought about half-castes before, but now he thinks that they must feel as miserable as he does.

The proprietor of the carnival must be miserable too. He is sitting on a chair beside his hoop-la stall, tilting it backwards and forwards on its back legs in an attitude of indifferent contempt for the people who won't patronize him. The merry-go-round has spun round empty for two sessions. A little girl comes running across to him and whispers urgently in his ear. He nods agreement to something or other. The child skips joyfully over to the merry-go-round; the young fellow in charge stops it and puts her on one of the horses. Then he starts it up so fast that the horses swing out almost to the horizontal, the little girl clinging, stiff with excitement. Jenkins thinks that all the horses, boats and ducks will fly off by the compulsion of centrifugal forces, but the flimsy machine hangs together. The attendant stops it and the little girl jumps down. She runs to her father and Jenkins can tell she is describing the thrills of her ride. That is just like life, Jenkins thinks, so futile are its joys, so meaningless and so underlined with the menace of failure.

Suddenly there is the dark haired girl again; moving quickly among the stalls. Again the sight of her has that immediate and devasting effect on him and he can hardly refrain from calling out to her. He doesn't understand why he should suddenly feel like this, after twelve years of fidelity; he only knows that the thing he needs most in this world is to possess that girl this very night.

Momentarily he is shocked at his abrupt degeneration. Then immediately he sees the virtue of it; the sheer justice of balancing

his account of 'gives' and 'takes' with his wife in this manner. His pulses begin to pound as he tries to harness his shrewd business abilities into providing ways and means. But he is so excited that his imagination plunges off into wild fantasies, relic of an incredible, romantic boyhood. He sees himself striding down from the balcony on a shining stairway, to the awe and admiration of the crowd, suddenly grown to a hundred times its present size. From his capacious wallet he distributes money freely to the children, youths and adults, who crowd the stalls, bringing joy and happiness to everyone. A riotous spirit of carnival breaks out; the folk who can't be accommodated at the stall break into delirious dancing to the music of the merry-go-round; half-castes and all joining hands together in a welter of fun. The olive-skinned girl is in his arms, clinging passionately; and promising him that he shall have, at the one time, pure, everlasting love and passion unlimited.

Jenkins is so moved by the picture that he rises to carry it into operation. As soon as he stands up reality begins to intrude. The boards creak under his excessive weight, and he has to take extraordinary precautions against being heard by his wife in the room just through the double doors. The corridors within the hotel are dimly lighted, and in his excitement he gets tangled in their turnings. All the time he has to creep stealthily because he is so confused that he might be passing and repassing their bedroom. Then he is relieved to find the stairs. He walks down hurriedly, stumbling and nearly falling headlong because his feet don't seem to be functioning properly. He comes out the front door and crosses the street to the carnival allotment. A few people look at him with indifference; if they recognize him as the owner of the shining Bendel Lindley they don't seem to be impressed. Jenkins looks about him, and re-arranges his plan. He sees that the girl has gone behind the counter at the toy-pistol gallery. He has to stop to adjust himself to the fact that she belongs to the carnival outfit and is not an isolated being suspended in space for his taking. He thinks of going to her stall, making a dazzling impression with his spending, and then an irresistible offer. But little glistening remnants of his King Carnival dream egg him on to holding out a handful of silver to a pair of little girls. They stop suddenly and look at him, disconcerted. Words come clumsily to him in his excitement.

'Would you like to have some fun?'

A large woman darts on them, gives him a terrible protective-mother look, and drags them away with a couple of threatening backward glances. Before he gets over it, the half-castes come

sauntering in their unobtruding way along the footpath towards him. His hand goes towards the wallet in his inner pocket as he steps purposely in front of them. He looks straight into their faces, trying to show his goodwill, and is shocked at what he sees. Even in the dim light there is no doubt that they think he is an extremely queer person, behaving in a most peculiar manner. They melt round him and are gone before he can get out more than a meaningless croak; and with their passing goes the last of his dream.

He shakes himself, straightens up and buttons his coat. He walks purposefully over to the toy-pistol stall and stands over the girl. The magic that is in her is so strong that it makes him tremble. She looks into his eyes and gives a quiet smile that makes things easier because she understands him so well. He buys one lot of shots after the other, giving her a pound note each time and pressing the change back into her hand. All the time as she bends and turns at her tasks, his eyes are on her; extensions of his hands and limbs. He stops to mop his brow with a feeling of exhaustion. He doesn't know how much money he has given her; ten pounds, twenty pounds or more, the amount doesn't matter. The girl sees the condition he is in; she glances round, then comes close to him. He can only mutter incoherently, but she says in her deep, calm voice:

'Drive past slowly in your car and stop at the end of this block. I have to be very careful.'

Jenkins' eyes bulge with his gloating; but at the same time he turns around quickly because of his exposed back. Her words have started up ancient fears of these nomad people, with vengeful knives threatening him. He glances at the two showmen; one is idly changing gramophone records, but the big, dark proprietor, who has now lost all interest in his show and is talking boastfully to a couple of shirt-sleeved locals about his career in the boxing ring, is missing nothing that is going on. Jenkins mouth goes dry with the twin fears of the big man following him down the dark passages through the hotel, and his wife hearing him at the car.

But once he has the car out of the yard he feels better. He is soothed by the stirring of immense, effortless power under his command. He drifts past the allotment where everything seems as before, and though the girl does not look up, he knows that she has seen him and is coming. He does not have to wait for very long.

She is in his car almost before he has seen her. She struggles in his embrace to whisper: 'Not here.'

He fumbles and gets into the wrong gear, but the car can survive any amount of mishandling and soon they are off and away, riding the corrugated gravel highway at sixty miles per hour with the soft up and down motion of a launch. Jenkins is possessed by an immense exhilaration; he has the girl and no one can catch up with him. He can speed for a hundred miles if necessary and he gives not a thought to the need for returning. So engrossed is he, that it seems from another world that a panicky sensation comes of lost control that accompanies a rattle of gravel under his mudguards. His heart seems to stand still until he straightens out successfully after the curve.

'Better stop now,' he says with a nervously apologetic laugh, 'I'm not safe driving, the way I am.'

The girl is reclining quietly in her corner of the seat; so quietly and so sure of herself that he has a momentary fear that she is only playing with him. But she nods her agreement and soon he knows that there is nothing between him and his desires. He believes there is no limit to the ecstasies before him; life must go on like this forever.

When he first wakes in the earliest light of the summer morning it is the recollection of his business appointment that jerks him erect. The girl is sleeping there as comfortably and as gracefully as a cat. He makes a sudden, reckless resolve that he will keep her, cost what it may. A lot of the other big men have their women too; even when they have admirable wives. It seems to be necessary once they get among the hundred-thousands. A girl with looks and style to help them relax. He begins to feel pleased with himself, and quite contemptuous of the humble fellow he was yesterday, pleading for give and take with his wife.

The girl wakes up. She yawns and stretches so voluptuously that it nearly sweeps the business appointment right out of Jenkins's life. He starts to confide his plans to her. He will fix her up in a snug little flat in a big town where it won't be too conspicuous. The girl looks at him with her knowing, dark eyes, listening and not saying much. He goes on to tell her about his many widespread interests and how busy he is. The girl seems to be favourably impressed with his proposals; perhaps she is thinking that he wouldn't take up much of her time anyway; she isn't the kind of girl anyone could be sure about. She agrees to meet Jenkins in a certain town on a certain date, where they will make final arrangements, meanwhile there is his appointment. She urges him to start immediately so as not to be late.

Jenkins is pleased that the car starts as usual after the use he has made of it. He lets the wind blow on his face and he feels fine. As they reach the town he begins to know some of the discomforts of his compromising situation; and though he kisses the girl ardently, he can't deny a little feeling of relief when he has got rid of her safely. But as he drives on, little exultant tremors run through him; by the time he reaches his bedroom he is a very devil of a fellow.

When he sees his wife soundly asleep, it occurs to him that there is no reason why he shouldn't let her believe that he has just got up extra early in order to get back in time for his conference. He shakes her shoulder and tells her that they will have to leave before breakfast. She has never been treated like this before, but there are no protests, no questions, only a sullen submission. For once his wife is ready in time, without the need for any fretting on his part. He is off with the suitcases when he runs into the proprietress, alert in a dressing gown.

'Oh, ha ha,' he laughs, 'nearly forgot to pay you in my hurry to get away.'

The landlady looks as if she suspects that that was his design. He finds it hard to meet those honest eyes so like his mother's, especially when he takes out his wallet and remembers the purpose for which he has used it during the night. He feels that there isn't a thing she doesn't know about his doings, and that whatever he and his fellow tycoons might think about it, she doesn't approve. His wife arrives and watches him fumbling with the banknotes. Her eyes are hard and determined.

As always he feels better when he is off in the car. After all he didn't start it. If his wife hadn't been behaving as she was, they wouldn't have stopped at this hotel, and he would never have seen the girl. He presses down on the accelerator pushing the car to the limit of safety where his wife always becomes tense with anxiety. That will take her mind off him, he thinks, if she's beginning to have any suspicions.

But suddenly, out of the blue, his wife says in a dry, unemotional voice, though with confident assurance.

'Now you can't go on refusing to move to Sydney.'

It takes him completely by surprise. That she should know about last night, and use it so callously as a lever to get her own way. He feels that he should turn on her in scorn and anger; maintaining his ascendency. Yet, without any conscious volition on his part, he hears his voice replying in conciliatory tones.

'When I go to Sydney next week, I'll see about that place of Austin's you were offered.' *E. O. Schlunke*

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EDUCATION FOR AN ATOMIC AGE

E. W. Titterton

SINCE the end of the last war statements that we must prepare ourselves and our children to 'live in an atomic age' have been legion. What does this phrase mean? All the other ages have been labelled afterwards by historians in retrospect. Our awareness of living in a new era means that we recognise atomic energy as a major change many times more significant than previous research discoveries, or political upheavals. Perhaps the release of nuclear energy, demonstrated to the unsuspecting layman in the form of the funeral pyre of Hiroshima, is the symbol of an era in which *science has become so important in our lives that all decisions, including political ones, must be made with scientific considerations in mind.*

The problem is that we have not been educated for the new age academically or politically. The layman does not possess enough information about new developments for him to be able to assess them and exercise his influence as a democratic citizen. A forceful statement on the subject has come from General Omar Bradley: 'We have too many men of science, too few men of God. We have grasped the mystery of the atom and rejected the sermon on the mount . . . The world has achieved brilliance without wisdom, power without conscience. Ours is a world of nuclear giants and ethical infants. We know more about war than we do about peace, more about killing than we do about living.'

It is clearly of the greatest importance that citizens of a democracy should understand the issues which confront them and education must rise to the task. It might be objected that even if the people do understand them they have no apparent direct influence on the decisions which are made. But my premise is that the wisdom of any government increases in direct ratio with the breadth, depth, and intensity of the public understanding and public discussion that surrounds it. Behind this premise there is another one. The principal objective for which men organize democratic governments is to secure for each citizen the opportunity to realize the promise to the full of his endowment as a man. The better-informed man is thus not merely a better-informed voter; he is above all a better-informed person. In accordance with the eighteenth century tradition, the notion of the perfectibility of man presents us with a goal which is an end in itself.

A recent study at New York University by Lilian Kay on the emotional reactions of individuals to the term 'atomic energy' gives further reasons for stressing the need for sound public information. We must take note of the relationship between individual mental health and the problems of living in this atomic age. At best, life in a modern complex civilization is a tense business. One reason many people find it so is that, while emotional peaks and chasms are frequent, rapid changes make it hard to attain emotional plateaux. Now, atomic energy, whether taken by itself or as a symbol of scientific advance in general, has been presented in extreme emotional terms. For example, an American Senator made the statement that the explosion of a test tube full of material would kill every living thing within one thousand miles. The layman does not know that this statement is a gross exaggeration of the position. Or again the newspapers now and then carry stories of cancer patients who are cured by radio-iodine and 'owe their lives to atomic bomb research'. The destructive and the constructive applications of modern scientific advances get exaggerated and distorted. The best way for the individual to save himself from unrealistic despair or equally unrealistic elation in the face of such advances is for him to comprehend to the best of his ability what these advances mean.

This is all the more important when we realize that individuals and groups must be able to plan realistically for the future. I am thinking of industrial and civil planning as well as of the vocational plans of High School, College and University students. Will the development of nuclear energy change job possibilities, if so how? Will it add opportunities or will it just redistribute manpower? At what levels of specialization will these changes occur? Where should new types of training be introduced and should there be an all-round re-orientation of our educational system in the light of modern technical advances? In the field of civic planning it will be increasingly important to consider such aspects as the use of nuclear fuels in power plants. And civil defence considerations cannot be ignored. Morale has been defined as 'a term which comes into prominence during crises when the conditions to which it refers are painfully absent or conspicuously present.' Nowadays it must be developed between crises as well.

It is not unreasonable to believe that, with an enlightened public opinion on the matter, development of atomic weapons need no more lead to the ruin of our civilization than did the development of chemical high explosives. Instead of predicting

a gloomy end for our way of life let us recognize that the problem of atomic energy cannot be tackled in a vacuum, it must be related to man in his total environment. If we can achieve a better understanding of man's basic problems of society, culture, religion and government we can hope to develop a sane point of view. The one hope for survival is to seek rational solutions and not be stunned into inertia or muddle-headedness.

The pessimist will tell you that such a programme is utopian and cannot possibly have significant effect before the catastrophe is upon us. I do not believe this, and even if I did I would not regard it as a valid reason not to make a start in the right direction: towards an informed public opinion on the issues of the technological age as an essential part of education.

In order to be able to think, plan and vote with respect to those issues it is essential to have an appropriate frame of reference. Ideas which provide the standard for judging social situations forty years ago, indeed even ten years ago, are no longer adequate for making judgments on some of these new problems. For adults the three most important means of establishing an appropriate frame of reference are probably the press, the radio and books. Information released on technological matters, whether in the fields of atomic energy, jet engines or antibiotic drugs is judged by editors for its news value in competition with other news. In most cases, because of pressure on space and time the press and the radio news bulletins are not able to provide the necessary background for the item to be put into a proper context. There are, of course, exceptions to this. Both here and overseas some of the more serious newspapers give space to the necessary background information. In Australia the ABC has also made real progress in the field. However, it must be admitted that serious programmes do not reach the bulk of the population. People take the attitude that 'this is for Einstein, not me' and buy a detective story or switch to a light programme.

There are other means for providing the information such as films, television, exhibits, lectures, discussions and so on. Excellent documentary films have been made in the USA, England and Canada and the BBC has had considerable success with documentary type programmes both on television and radio. The Atomic Scientists' Association in England hit upon the excellent idea of equipping two railway coaches as an exhibit and moving it from town to town at weekly intervals. The exhibit was manned by local scientific staff at each stop and the public were encouraged to visit it and ask questions. In the

course of a year the exhibit visited the main population centres and created much interest. These techniques are applicable mainly to the adult population. We must not forget, however, that in the long run the only certain method to achieve results is to integrate new material into the classwork of children at school; and continue it at the University level too. Just as it is most important for science students to get a liberal education so it is essential that arts students should get some understanding of the scientific disciplines.

Anton J. Carlson, the dean of American physiologists once declared that twentieth century man somehow manages to survive in his man-made landscape just as ignorant of science and as haunted by superstitition as Peking man in his unspoiled primeval landscape of a hundred-thousand years ago. With due respect to the warmth of Carlson's feelings, I do not think we need to take as dim a view as he did. The truth is that dryads, leprechauns, and trolls have long since fled a culture that prizes central heating, television sets, internal combustion engines, deep freezers, and all the other devices that aid and complicate our existence. The inanimate gadgets, animated only by the mechanic's tools, have generated a powerful antidote to the pathetic fallacy of animism that once populated the universe with creatures of man's fear and imagination. Almost everybody now has acquiesced in the Copurnikan revolution and the displacement of the earth and ourselves from the centre of the universe. There is general recognition of the idea that the cosmos is a vast impersonal system, ordered by the laws of mechanics. The germ theory of disease brings people to their doctors, not to their knees. In Western law there is increasing acceptance of the idea of the criminal as a victim of psychological and sociological handicaps, an object for treatment not vengeance. In the relationships of man to man, our fellow citizens are agreed that all men belong to the one human race, and they expect that we will eventually learn to act like members of the same human family.

The ground still held in men's hearts by fear and superstition is thus narrowed. But on many of the most important questions of life, it seems to remain decisive. Ironically, *science itself seems to have fallen heir to much of what remains of the frightened awe formerly accorded to the outer darkness.*

Science is still misunderstood as a kind of magic. In the popular view science is first of all our most securely established body of knowledge: a rich mine of hard facts that have a tougher consistency and more utility than revelation. How these facts

originated and were put together, nobody inquires. On the other hand, the notion that they might go on growing in number is disturbing to a large number of people. They raise the question whether there shouldn't be a moratorium or a breathing-spell. Scientists are seen as workers in this House of Magic: they are qualified by special gifts—and today, of course, they must also be security cleared. Their job is to make something useful out of the ready-to-hand facts. Science is thus primarily identified with the immense technological process that makes the Western world so rich and strong. The suggestion that science has cultural implications as well is downright suspect and heretical.

This is a fair rendering of the image of science as it is held in the public eye and mirrored in our press. It is something more than a merely popular image: it is alarmingly accepted among otherwise well-educated members of our society. It contributes to the anti-rational, anti-scientific mood which sometimes shows up in our culture. It promotes the almost complete estrangement of arts and letters from the sciences.

The day has come when a man without some knowledge and appreciation of science is but half-educated. I have met people who pretend to be proud of their lack of knowledge of science. I can only feel pity for them; they are divorced from the real world in which they live, among people whose technology they despise. If they attain positions of authority they are apt to make decisions unrelated to reality with unfortunate results for others; a knowledge of the settled past gained by literary humanism can obscure the vision of an expanding future.

We can easily see, in principle, that such misunderstanding of science in our society presents serious hazards to both science and society and we have to take steps and remove the difficulty. It is here that the universities come into their own. Speaking personally I find it exhilarating to have been able to share in the great experiment in education established in Canberra—the National University. The underlying idea excites both the admiration and envy of our colleagues overseas. I have looked at universities both from the outside and inside—I spent four years working in the US Government laboratory at Los Alamos during the war and a little over three years at AERE in England after the war—difficult times for the universities and times during which they were under continuous discussion and scrutiny. I am not alone in thinking that universities are about the most important institutions in the Western world. The nature of the civilization that our grandchildren will inherit will depend in a critical, possibly in a decisive, degree on our universities.

In ascribing this decisive role to the university, I do not wish to minimise the role of other educational, religious and political institutions; but I believe that the way in which civilization changes over the centuries is largely determined by how men use their heads. The university, as I view it, is the spearhead of man's efforts to make better use of what is in his head. Thus, the chief aim of a university must be, not merely to help individual men to learn more, but to help mankind to know more. In seeking this goal, the specific mechanism available to the university is called research. The purpose of university research then is to enlarge man's understanding of the world, his understanding of his fellow men and of himself.

I have used interchangeably the phrases 'to know more' and 'to understand more'. I do this without apology—and, in fact, with emphasis. To know and to understand are not quite synonymous. For though one normally cannot understand without knowing, we frequently know things we do not understand. Yet the goal of research must not merely be to acquire knowledge for its own sake, but to secure knowledge as a step toward understanding.

This is the reason why the research in a university—whether it be in science or engineering—must, above all else, stick to fundamentals. There is a danger, and it is a real one when money is scarce, that the universities be asked to do something useful to the community—test milk, analyze water, fuels, lubricants; design gadgets and so on. Lee Dubridge tells of an electrical engineering department where half of the staff is busily engaged in designing radar aerials—not because they are seeking to understand the radiation of EM waves but because an airforce contract for such gadgeteering was available. The excuse was that they could employ three more engineers and these men helped with the teaching. As Dubridge points out the university might just as well lease and operate a city store so that the people working in it can, on the side, teach economics, marketing, human relations and business English.

I don't want to give the impression that I am unaware of the difficulties of financing higher education. Indeed I spend more time that I care to think about in worrying out annual budgets, but the problem cannot be solved by financing things which are not higher education. A proper research programme in any field must never be abandoned, distorted or harmed by taking on irrelevant work for which funds happen to be available —and then pretending that this irrelevant work strengthened the programme which it has damaged and displaced. There is one

most important exception to this: universities have been called upon and have patriotically and properly responded to help national defence in time of emergency. But we should not be led into thinking that designing weapons of war is a normal and proper function of a university.

The universities have a big job of public relations before them. People must understand that the main purpose of science is not to produce bombs, guns and radar, or even refrigerators, radios, or television and atomic energy. Possibly we should come out boldly and unashamedly and tell the truth, that the aim of the scientist, and for that matter all research workers of whatever discipline, is simply to advance human understanding. We should admit that we believe in human understanding for its own sake. It is the failure to understand the essential role of the university as a toughener of the mind, stimulator of curiosity, as the ringside of intellectual conflict which makes for much of the doubt about the need for the universities, of the value of learning, which in turn finds reflection in poor financial support, and forces the universities to live a hand to mouth existence, never at any time seeing their future more than a year ahead.

Sir John Latham has recently enumerated the changes he believes to be necessary to the constitution. I should like to add education to these. Primary, secondary and tertiary education are all so vitally important to the future of the country that they should be the concern of the highest authority in the land, the Federal Government. Money spent on the education of our children and our young people is the best investment the nation can make at the present time. The shortage of scientists, engineers and technologists of all types is a matter of the greatest concern to thinking people, and if we are going to make our way in a world which has reached its present technological standard we must have more of them. Moreover, we must not remain forever completely dependent upon fundamental discoveries which are made overseas and this means that the men we have must be brought to their highest capabilities by provision of the right environment in which they can grow to maturity.

But I must come off my hobby-horse of the university and back to the general problem of public education. The 1954 weapon experiments at Bikini in the Marshall Islands which, according to the American Atomic Energy Commission resulted in the firing of a number of hydrogen bombs, caused a sensation in press and radio. It led to much comment and hypothesizing, most of which was not founded on fact. However many thinking

en remarked that these developments caused far less excitement than the dropping of the two ordinary atomic bombs at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Some claim this to be because people have become hardened to the idea. However, two other explanations are possible. One is that a bomb, whatever its type, actually dropped on people is different from a hypothetical bomb, even if the performance of the latter weapon is expressed in terms of what it will do to people and homes. The second interpretation might be that information as to what the bomb will be like is difficult to comprehend without considerable background knowledge. To me it seems unlikely that people have grown harder than they were, or that they were too frightened by the idea of fission and the atomic bomb to become more frightened by this newer idea of the hydrogen weapons, which can be many times more powerful and devastating in operation. Dr Lilian Kay, whose research into the emotional reactions of individuals to the term 'atomic energy' I mentioned earlier, found that fear is not the outstanding characteristic response. This is a reassuring result in a period of international tension, yet we hear a great deal about how afraid people are of atomic energy. The source of this information is often an editorial writer or a commentator devoted to the idea that the best way to create interest is through fear. This approach is a dangerous one: we must strive in every way to prevent the multiplication of feelings of insecurity and futility through defective knowledge. Creation of a feeling of crisis is all too easy but in the long run cannot be an effective way of maintaining and strengthening the morale which we must have if we wish to continue to strive for peaceful solutions to the world's problems.

It is frequently stated that the consequence of stockpiling arms is war; but the consequence of stockpiling fear may well be demoralization. It would be tragic indeed if the two accumulations reached a peak at the same time.

The physical scientist must continue his work in the interest of maintaining national security, increase our knowledge of physical matters, and apply modern technology to raise the standard of living of the peoples of the world. The social scientist must stop uttering platitudes and strive to increase our understanding of the problems of motivation and communication. If the two types of skill can be married, as they surely can, then our new education can look forward to stockpiling the most important commodity of a democracy in this atomic age—an informed and alert population.

E. W. Titterton

LANDSCAPE

Alexander Craig

The azure splendour of the woven air
That holds the homage of the living sky
Transforms me, as I gaze into the glare,

Through shimmer, to the bright green squares, the high
Hill, the bitumen ribbon that winds
Up-over it—black streamer of good-bye

Snapped by the horizon's shining edge. 'The mind's
Its own place . . . in itself can make a heaven . . .'
—Recalling the poet's lost Paradise he finds

In every age (and loses), I am driven
To a familiar dream. The air vibrates
And pulses with a life both held and given,

No more a concave care, a dome of fate's
Mnemonic glitter in the ashen sky,
That symbol of a storm of human hates.

North of each apple orchard seen nearby,
Serrated, straight lines of the windbreak trees,
Strips of green night, divide yet magnify

Into a calendar-page of sea-green days
The whole hill side. My red intrusive house
Stares with its spectacles at the scene of praise

That hallows house and hill. It seems my now's
My then's and shall be's are encircled here,
Lost in the heart of light that laves the boughs

And brilliant leaves upon a tall tree near,
That gleams above the fence. Though finally I
Must walk indoors, that current is deep and clear

And I am still beneath the living sky.

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LETTER FROM CALCUTTA

Sudhin Datta

DECADES ago Aldous Huxley wondered if Wordsworth would have worshipped Nature had he lived in the tropics. Calcutta is certainly not blessed with a pleasant climate; our 'cold weather' is full of mellow sunshine and exotic flowers. It starts about the middle of November when the north wind begins to blow, and terminates at the close of February with the return of the sea breeze and the retreat of the usurper to the mountains. The intervening three-and-and-a-half months are known as the Season, which in the bad old days passed in a whirl of gaiety; even after the Capital had been removed to Delhi, the Viceroy would be in residence here for several weeks on end. The privileged would go to his garden parties, banquets and balls, while the less exalted would rush from luncheon to tea, from tea to dinner, and from dinner to dance. In between there would be racing and polo, festival cricket and tournament tennis; and these would continue to draw enormous crowds, although in the meantime the head of the British Raj would have departed, having said his pompous piece about the futility of the ever-growing demand for self-government.

Now, of course, Calcutta is free from alien domination, if not financially, at least socially; and the city's indigenous inhabitants have only to thank their indolence and inefficiency for the non-Bengali monopoly in local banking, commerce and industry. But this Season even the weather has let us down by remaining abnormally warm most of the time; and while the new rich have been no less prolific in cocktail parties, which, alas have totally replaced the old-world dinners of seven courses with sherries, white and red wines, champagne and liqueurs, the new poor have had their enjoyment spoilt by the realization that henceforth they may not dream of returning, however meagrely, the hospitality of their lavish hosts. For since the beginning of the year exchange control has become so drastic as to place consumer goods of foreign manufacture beyond the reach of all except self-convicted profiteers; and they too cannot travel for pleasure in countries other than their own. Nor is that all: true to the stern tradition, India's Finance Minister chose this very city to threaten further levies if the recent capital gains tax and its likes do not teach us to put duty above right.

So the Season has been far from dull; and what with the centenary of Calcutta University and the jubilee session of Science Congress, to name the two most outstanding among the multitude of cultural events that enliven Calcutta during the cold weather, the city has been overflowing with foreign visitors. Earlier still, in the second week of November, the All India Congress Committee met here to finalize the ruling party's election plans; and though the open meetings were unexciting, the Prime Minister brought them to a close by his notorious speech on Hungary, in which he advised his hearers to refrain from judging Russia until they had learnt the full facts of the case. His pronouncements next day were freer from special pleading; but it was much later that he made real amends; and in the meantime even those whose views on Suez were more extreme than his could not help considering him perverse. I do not accept this assessment; I remain convinced that he more than anybody else in the world is responsible for preventing South-East Asia from going over to Communism; and if India to day is one of the stablest countries, it is because Nehru is assuredly a great statesman.

I am aware that my estimate is at variance with the opinion firmly held in some sections abroad; and while I agree that Pandit Nehru is the hero of the Indian masses because his impetuosity appears to them as proof that he is human and not a cold-hearted official, I believe that to himself he represents fairness at all costs. He is more British than the British in his unreasoning partiality for the under-dog; and as the British rule in India was, at least latterly, a travesty of this habit of mind, his hatred of imperialism made him love its victims blindly. That Soviet Russia was an eye-sore to the reactionaries, and survived both intervention and blockade, not only enhanced her initial prestige as the symbol of revolution but also induced progressives everywhere to overlook her cumulative frightfulness. The Indian Communists might, in consequence, have done as well out of the war as their Chinese counterparts had they in the six preceding years been less conspicuous as instruments of Stalin's opportunism. Nor did their folly end with the seeming return of peace. No sooner was the British withdrawal from India fairly certain than they lent their full support to the demand for Pakistan.

When partition did not cause enough confusion to permit them to capture power, their militancy resorted to futile strikes and petty sabotage, with the result that in free India's first general election their failure was most marked in the labour

constituencies. History's self-appointed guides were so lacking in memory that they remained undisturbed by the votes they received from the middle-class. The Indian bourgeoisie is a very small minority, almost wholly urban; and undoubtedly its manageable size and approachable situation had much to do with the privileges it enjoyed under British rule. But the British, instead of fostering lasting loyalty, added to the growing friction between the ruler and the ruled; then as the Congress widened its base and effectiveness under the leadership of Mahatma Gandi, its former middle-class adherents found themselves in the unenviable position of being frowned upon by the British and squeezed at the same time by the neo-nationalist mass. There, in part at least, lie the roots of middle-class frustration, of which one hears so much in threadbare drawing-rooms; and matters have not improved since independence, as those to whom power was transferred ten years ago have tended to consider it the reward of their own suffering and sacrifice.

Germany just before Hitler became its master was analogous; and the Indian Communists should know that the excluded and the expropriated by following them hope to share their dictatorship. Over and above such naive expectations there is also sheer spleen: the story is that in a few rural areas the Communists were supported by the dispossessed feudal aristocracy, which was only too ready to cut off the proverbial nose to spite the unspeakable face. In other words, most of the miscellaneous fellow-travellers have little to lose under a Communist regime. But since the same is even more true of the masses, whose resultant apathy is the one ground for fearing the ultimate success of totalitarianism, the Prime Minister, not unnaturally, persuaded the Congress to forget the former to woo the latter. Consequently the ruling party's avowed aim is to make Indian society socialistic in pattern; and if we take the dissatisfaction of private enterprise with the Second Five-year Plan as a measure of the appeal the Plan has for the so-called dumb millions, we may understand why the revolutionary Left, deprived of whatever was positive in its programme, has come to share the demand of the extreme Right for India's linguistic regionalization as a means of creating disorder.

For though Pandit Nehru is less impulsive than he seems, he is far from infallible; and just as the targets of the Second Five-year Plan are unreasonably optimistic, so also was it a capital mistake on his part to take up only a year before the second general election the task of creating linguistic provinces. The Congress, has, of course, been committed to such a policy for

over thirty years. That the unfair compromise which it sought to impose on certain areas has been resisted violently is tragic, though at the same time evidence that this country is democratic, in as much as Indian public opinion cannot be flouted with impunity. Nevertheless, the Congress High Command should have been more circumspect. I think its failure to foresee the consequences may derive from a blind self-confidence. Our top leaders are mostly in their sixties; they know themselves as the people's guardians; and realizing how little time they have for doing what remains unfinished, they tend to forget the virtues of patience. Hence the impossible aspirations of the Second Five-year Plan; and hence also the refusal to consider whether economic regimentation is really compatible with political, social and intellectual freedom.

There is much to be said for India being set on the path to socialism while Pandit Nehru is at the head of affairs to guarantee that Russian methods will not be used here. Nevertheless the difficulties of industrialization are great. It is true that overseas experiences are not always a guide to what will happen in India. For instance, our policy of prohibition of alcohol will not necessarily reproduce the American experience since India has for centuries looked on drinking as sinful. But hitherto too rapid an industrialization has everywhere resulted, at least initially, in the misery of vast multitudes; and it is bigoted complacency to think that the land which conceived the Law of Karma can escape the chain of antecedence and consequence.

As regards foreign affairs, self-righteousness pays no dividends at all; and if we choose to read the French a moral lecture on Algeria, we must not mind when they reciprocate on Kashmir, where we have as good a right to remain as they in North Africa. The British action in Suez, however stultifying in the outcome, can surely be justified on legalistic grounds; and India's refusal to see this, as also her failure to draw a timely parallel between Suez and Hungary, has left her without a substantial friend in the world outside and hardly led to consolidation of political opinion on the homefront.

At any rate, her later pronouncements on the Hungarian issue, taken with the Prime Minister's electioneering castigation of the Communists ideology, must have convinced the fellow-travellers that Pandit Nehru is not really their friend; and that may partially explain why the great landslide expected in favour of the Congress has not been evident in the results so far declared of the current elections, which are concluding as I write.

Sudhin Datta

Two young men of Manumanu ready for the dance

The great dance festivals give shape and meaning to the whole year's work and play

Bananas being assembled for a feast at Manumanu

A heavy net made of hibiscus bark, used to catch turtle, dugong and barramundi

The making and use of the net are the subject of elaborate ritual

SACRED PAST AND PROFANE PRESENT IN PAPUA

Murray Groves

IN 1954, before doing anthropological field work among the urban Motu at Port Moresby, I lived for seven months at Manumanu, a small Motu village situated on the shore about thirty-five miles from town. I hoped to learn something of the pagan religion that the Motu people of Port Moresby have now abandoned. Manumanu is the only village where the old Motu traditions still survive.

The village is built on the beach, two lines of houses standing off the ground and facing each other across a single 'street'. Along the beach, a few hundred yards west of the village, the people make gardens in the sandy seaside loam.

At Manumanu I continually encountered exotic ritual behaviour which at first I could not easily understand. One afternoon early in my stay, for example, I found a man alone in his garden wrapping young bunches of bananas in dry leaves to protect them from the sun and from the birds. While he worked he sang several small songs, softly and almost secretively. At the end of each song he intoned the names of ancestors, adding each time his own name to the list. When he had quite finished, I approached him and began to question him.

'What are you singing?'

'Songs.'

'Yes, of course, but what sort of songs?'

'Songs that I sing when I wrap bananas'.

'Why do you sing them then?'

'Because they cause the bananas to grow plump and firm.'

'How is it that songs have such power?', I asked. 'Do the spirits of the dead hear your songs and therefore help you?'

'Who knows what the spirits of the dead may hear or do?', he answered. 'We have never died and so we cannot know.'

'But you invoke the names of ancestors at the end of each song. Why do you do that?'

'The songs that I sing are my ancestors' songs. My forbears have always sung them and their gardens have always prospered. Therefore I always sing these songs. It is the way of the ancestors; it is *helega*.'

Ritual rules attend every major enterprise at Manumanu, and I found that at any time of night or day there were ritual

lessons to be learnt. I lived in a village house on the seaward side of the street. Late one night I had occasion to leave my house and walk along the street. Just as I was about to pass in front of a house on the opposite side of the street a man jumped down from the steps and stopped me, insisting that I must not walk past the front of his house.

Later I asked him why he had stopped me.

'Because we were going fishing with our heavy net', he said. 'We were just about to take the net down to the beach and we could not allow you to cross its path.'

'Why not?' I asked.

'It is the way of our ancestors', he said. 'It is *helega*. No person may cross the path along which a fishing net is to be carried. If the rule were broken we should catch no fish'.

In my first months at Manumanu I had many similar conversations about various ritual rules. I always seemed to enter a conversational cul-de-sac as soon as the word *helega* was advanced. Why must I not watch a man burning clan insignia on the balsa-wood floats of his fishing net? Because it is thus ordained; it is *helega*. Why must I never enter the house of a trading vessel's captain while he is away on a voyage? Because it is the law: it is *helega*. Why must I not bake certain foods in my household hearth? Because the ancestors have so decreed: it is *helega*. If a rule of that kind is broken, disaster may ensue: the fishing net may not catch fish, the trading vessel may be wrecked, or a household pig may run away into the bush.

The Manumanu people could explain their ritual rules no further. Each conversation ended with two simple statements: 'It is the way of our ancestors' and 'It is *helega*.' Such answers do not satisfy a western mind. How can the Motu think them satisfactory? The question can best be answered after examining a particular set of ritual rules in some detail.

Consider the ritual associated with the manufacture and use of the heavy nets with which the Motu fish for turtle, dugong and barramundi.

It is necessary first to understand that the village is divided into a number of lineage groups, each comprising persons descended through the male line from some common male ancestor. Each lineage group has an hereditary leader. It is usually he who sponsors and supervises the manufacture of a heavy fishing net; few lesser men could afford so large an undertaking.

When he decides to make a net, and from then for some months until it is made, the lineage leader refrains from all intercourse with his wife. He does not even speak directly to her,

but makes his wishes known through a third party. He fasts. He does not bathe. He remains inside his house, in seclusion. In that way, it is said, he acquires a ritual potency which is ultimately transferred to the new net.

After some months of ascetic ritual confinement, the leader of the enterprise takes his supporters up-river to collect hibiscus bark from which the twine for the net will be spun. The bark is immersed in the sea for some time. An emblem on a pole stands guard over it; seeing the emblem, strangers must avoid the place where the bark is lying.

One day the net-makers meet in their leader's house and begin to spin twine from the hibiscus fibre. While they work, squatting on the floor at the edges of the room, they sing special songs which may only be sung when nets are made. When they have finished spinning the twine they stack it in coils on the floor at that part of the room which is called the *irutahuna*, the ritual centre of the house, where the leader places on it a meal which he himself has cooked. All the workers then sit around the food and eat it.

Later, the net is woven. Again the workers sing. Again they eat a meal at the sacred place.

They sing again and eat yet another ritual meal when they attach floats and sinkers to the net. The floats are of great ritual importance, for on them a distinctive pattern is burnt; each lineage group has its own pattern, its own unique insignia.

When the net is finished, further elaborate rules govern its use. The lineage leader always takes the first section from the house and slings it over his shoulder. Each of his fellow fishermen then takes one of the net's seven or eight sections. In single file they all follow the lineage leader down to the beach, where a canoe has been made ready. When he has thrown his section of the net on to the canoe, each man backs away from it; no man may step in front of the net. The men then launch the canoe. While they are paddling or sailing to their fishing ground they pass back and forth on the canoe, or hand things to each other, across the outrigger; the net is eventually plunged into the sea on the side opposite the outrigger, and no man may pass in front of it on that side.

The symbolism is rich and intricate. What does it mean?

From what Motu themselves say about their ritual, it appears that the purpose of a rite is to obtain and utilize some special kind of power associated with the ancestors. In their worldly career ancestors are thought to have possessed power in large measure, for memory only records their successes while their

failures are conveniently forgotten. Rites perpetuate the power of the ancestral past in mortal present. The past is in some sense sacred; the present is profane. The distinction that the Motu make between what is *helega* and what is not can only be translated into English as a distinction between the sacred, the mystic, the other and the profane, the empirical, the here-and-now. Ritual symbols unite those two separate realms: in symbol Motu ritual associates the sacred with the profane at the same time as it associates the past with the present, and those two associations are in turn associated with each other.

Viewed in that light, a ritual meal at the sacred place within the house is a communion at which past and present, sacred and profane, merge in the one presence and those who eat the meal partake of that presence, thus acquiring ritual potency. The lineage insignia on a fishing net's floats associate the net with the power of the lineage ancestors. The lineage leader must go first when fishing because he is the primary genealogical link between the lineage and its ancestors; in him past and present, sacred and profane, are most closely conjoined. The net's path from the house into the sea must be unbroken because the net carries with it the ritual potency of the lineage. When a man singing a garden song ends by invoking his name and the names of his ancestors, he is calling them into a mystical communion with himself. Ritual symbols unite the sacred and successful past with the profane and problematical present.

Ritual potency must not be dissipated. Therefore the leader in a ritual enterprise must practice an ascetic discipline, avoiding profane contaminations: he must fast, abstain from sexual intercourse and carefully avoid all people who are not engaged in his enterprise.

Rites are in some sense sacramental: they do not merely symbolize a ritual potency, they embody it. Motu do not assert that a rite invokes ancestral intervention; they hold that ancestral potency is present in the rite. A ritual symbol not only associates two disparate orders of reality to suggest a mystical truth; in a sense it is the truth. Ritual cause leads directly to ritual effect. If you perform the appropriate rite then you must secure the result you seek. The symbols are themselves effective because they are in some sense sacramental. How else could it be possible for the Motu to say, as they do, that bananas prosper because the proper songs are sung, or that nets catch abundant fish only when they have been given potency by the performance of the appropriate rites at the sacred place? It is because they apprehend the mystery as a rite.

Of course the pattern on a fishing-net float is not merely a ritual symbol; it also serves to distinguish the nets of different lineages when they are in the water together. Meals eaten at the sacred place are not only sacraments; people enjoy them also as meals. Similarly a song is not only a ritual symbol; songs may also pleasantly pass the time of day. The symbol is only a part of the float. The sacrament is only part of the meal. The rite is only a part of the song's performance. Yet it remains true that in Manumanu there is a ritual element in most activities, and that through their ritual elements the diversities of social life are apprehended as mere aspects of a single spiritual order.

In ritual, past joins with present, sacred with profane, each activity with each other, each man with his neighbour, to one great end: the continuity of human endeavour in a meaningful and purposive universe.

The central position of ritual enterprises in traditional Motu social life can be discerned most clearly in the great dance festivals which at Manumanu still give shape and meaning to the whole year's work and play.

Each year Manumanu's economic life moves through a regular cycle of activities. In October and November yams and bananas are planted in new garden plots. Some weeks later big trading vessels set out on long voyages westward across the Gulf of Papua to exchange cooking pots manufactured in Manumanu for the sago that grows abundantly in the west. While the canoes are away food stocks begin to run out in the village. In bad seasons, before the men return from their westward voyage, their women and children have to subsist on shell fish and the unpalatable fruit of the mangrove tree. After the men return, in January or February, sago serves as the villagers' staple food until the new season's yams are ready. In April or May, when the monsoon is spent and the trade winds begins to blow, yam crops mature and are harvested, bananas ripen and the people are freed from care. Then they dance.

Dances are held only in season. Beginning before the harvest and continuing for two or three months with nightly rehearsals, the season culminates after the harvest in big ceremonial feasts with two or three days' continual dancing.

In those dance festivals many diverse threads in the fabric of Manumanu's social life are drawn together. The sponsor of a dance is assisted by other members of his lineage group and food is distributed to other lineage groups within the village, so that the lineage structure is evident at a dance. Some individual within a lineage, however, is the formal sponsor of a

dance festival; any particular man's social standing rises or falls in accordance with the number and splendour of the dance festivals he sponsors. Further, dance festivals require a good harvest; the people of Manumanu do not think it proper to dance in a bad season, so that dance festivals may be said to celebrate good seasons. Gifts are then exchanged between kinsmen, accentuating the bonds of kinship that bind together people from different lineage groups.

So economics, lineage structure, status and kinship all figure in the organization of a dance festival. Yet the people of Manumanu also enjoy dancing for its own sake. The dance possesses those who participate and enthralls those who watch. Dancers and onlookers thrill to the steady and insistent drum-beats, the rhythmic swaying of plumed head-dresses and the sickly sweet scent of the herbal oils with which the men anoint themselves (to bring them luck with women, so they say). The excitement of a dance may be seen in the people's eyes, those of the onlookers glinting sharply, those of the dancers glazed and unseeing.

At a dance festival which I attended the dancing continued for three nights and the two intervening days. Some dancers detached themselves now and then to sleep for an hour or two, but others always replaced them. Their repertoire of dances seemed endless. Each dance has an associated tune to which innumerable verses may be sung; each verse recalls some figure or event in Manumanu's legendary past or in the past or neighbouring tribes from whom dances are borrowed. Together the songs form a vast saga. The dancers sing one verse until they tire of it. Then one of them begins another. Similarly they continue for some hours to perform one dance with its entire body of verses until someone takes advantage of a pause to introduce another.

When the sponsor of a dance festival thinks that he should close it, which is usually not until he has run out of food for his guests, he and his helpers sacrifice pigs which they have accumulated for the purpose. The sacrifice of pigs in honour of kinsmen recently deceased is the ritual climax of a dance festival. It is the last act in a prolonged cycle of mortuary rites extending over a period of years. In former times the bones of the deceased were disinterred after the dance festival; but the Government now requires that bodies remain buried.

The people of Manumanu think of the dance festival as their supreme achievement. By sacrificing pigs the sponsor of the festival honours particular ancestors; but also, by accumulating

food, displaying it and performing ancestral songs and dances with verve and splendour, the whole community commemorates its ancestral past and honours its ancestral ghosts. Dance festivals are commemorative rites: they display the sacred power of the past in present symbols, and by displaying it renew it, to the community's future benefit.

The rites that I have described were all performed in Manumanu while I was there. It is the only Motu village in which the traditional ritual system is till intact. Elsewhere, particularly in the Port Moresby villages, traditional Motu ritual is defunct. Manumanu is the last outpost of Motu paganism.

With the concurrence of their converts, missionaries of the London Missionary Society who worked among the Port Moresby Motu in the late nineteenth century made it a rule that no-one who participated in a traditional Motu dance festival could be a member of the church. Missionaries opposed the dance because of the sexual licence that accompanied it. In attacking the dance, however, they attacked the whole structure of Motu society. Ceasing to dance meant more than merely renouncing a sinful pleasure. Those who gave up dancing had less incentive to make big gardens; they lost status; they were unable to do honour to their lineage; and they lost the ritual succour of their ancestral ghosts. Yet missionary opposition to the dance has been entirely successful in the Port Moresby villages.

Missionary teaching alone cannot be blamed for the decline of the Motu dance in the urban villages. There are still pagan minorities in those villages. Why do they not dance? There have been attempts to revive the dance in villages where it has lapsed, but those attempts have failed. Why have they failed?

The Port Moresby Motu have become townspeople. They work for wages, instead of gardening, trading and fishing as they used to do. They buy rice in the stores instead of voyaging west for sago. Men may now gain social standing in quite new ways; by holding office as deacons, or in village councils, or in sports and social clubs. But above all, the urban Motu no longer stand to gain from a ritual association with their ancestral ghosts, who have no knowledge of modern urban society and therefore no potency in such a society. There is no ancestral rite for obtaining higher wages.

Traditional Motu religion gave its adherents some means of controlling the universe of their experience. In urban villages their experience has altered radically; their universe is of a new kind and they see a need for new ways of controlling it. Many of the younger generation feel that Christianity has not

met that need, and since the war some younger urban Motu have begun to drift away from the church. Their fathers and grandfathers abandoned the ancestor cult in favour of Christianity. Now they themselves are abandoning Christianity. They lack faith entirely.

The younger urban Motu know nothing of their tribe's traditional skills. Their wages are low. Education has lagged behind the industrial and commercial growth of Port Moresby. The young men have come to realize that they lack essential urban skills to replace the ancestral skills they have abandoned. So they have lost assurance. Work is a perplexing but necessary drudgery. In the evenings they seek easy and usually arid entertainment. They go to the cinema when they can afford it. They play cards, a simple cut-throat game called 'Lucky' at which money can be quickly lost and won. At weekends, in imitation of their white employers, they dance quicksteps and waltzes in bare timber shanties: the young men dress immaculately in long white trousers, white shirt, collar, tie, shoes and socks, while the girl wear cotton frocks but usually dance with bare feet.

They dance gaily and with gusto. Yet if, knowing him well, you speak to one of these urban youths after the dance, when the band has stopped playing, the girls are asleep at home and he is alone with his thoughts, you will find that his nonchalant hedonism soon evaporates and beneath his casual manner you will sense a deep malaise. Though it is against the law, the younger urban Motu drink alcohol quite frequently. Sometimes, when they are slightly drunk, they are prepared freely to pour forth their doubts and anxieties, proclaiming their desire for the power, wealth and security of the white man's world but confessing their despair of ever achieving it. Liquor dissolves the flesh around their wound and leaves its centre bare.

There can be no question of reviving traditional Motu religion in the urban villages. The white man's world needs Motu labour. The Motu want the white man's world. But they want its substance, not its outer shell, and at present some of them feel that the substance is eluding them.

There is no integrating spiritual tradition at the centre of urban Motu life: no truth to symbolize, and therefore no symbols. The people have abandoned their past. They shrink from a future they cannot foresee. They live entirely in the present, apparently nonchalant but at heart uneasy, as their guitars beat out the rhythms of new dances and new times.

Murray Groves

Houses in Manumanu Village

The cooking pots drying in the sun are traded for sago on long annual voyages to western Papua

Houses built over the water in the modern village of Hanuabada at Port Moresby

Two young men of Hanuabada

The people are now largely dependent on wage earning in the town and the old ritual life has disappeared

LADY CHAPEL: 15th Century

From an unfinished dramatic poem on the building of a cathedral

by

Clive Sansom

Toward thy chapel,
Mother of God,
Ever for comfort
My feet have trod.
Maid and Mother, attend me there.

Before thine altar
With candles tall,
I let my cares
Like a cloak down-fall.
Maid and Mother, my heart prepare.

I give thee worship,
Mother and Maid;
On thy compassion
My sins are laid.
Maid and Mother, heed my prayer.

Maid, I have loved thee
Since I was maiden.
Now that with child
My womb is laden,
Mother of Christ, thy daughter spare.

Though all unworthy,
Maiden Mother,
Thy spirit come
To protect another,
That I, like thee, a son may bear.

O grant this gift
That hath no price,
Mary, Queen
Of Paradise,
Mother of Heaven, maid most fair!
Thy servant kneels at the altar stair.

T FOR TIGER

(for Helen)

Francis Letters

Glory of the alphabet,
Tiger I remember yet
Towering in heraldic scorn
Between the Snake and Unicorn:

Ribbed with midnight and with fire,
Yet no nightmare's spawn or sire,
But with primal mystery fraught
Solemnizing infant thought;

Brilliance greater as I grew,
Blackness deepening to view,
Flashing neither sabre claws
Nor the white deaths round those jaws,

All its wondering days my soul
Feels your torrid look's control,
Sees your Asian splendour loom
Through Australian light and gloom;

Surly Lion's lumbering might
Brave that dark and dazzling sight—
Daunt, with slitted countergaze,
Tiger-lightning's verdant blaze!

Lion? Would the Dragon dare
Stoke the furnace of that stare,
Tempt a paw whose lightest swish
Scales a dragon like a fish?

Yet his visage, greeting me,
Lifted awe to ecstasy
As, too fearsome to be mild,
Like a Memnon head, he smiled!

Still do I remember well
How he drew me with the spell
Of his eye's unfathomed beams
Down their heraldry of dreams,

Purring music through my brain
With Memnonian refrain:
'Winner of the spelling-bee,
Spell my wordless mystery!'

Childhood's primer laid aside,
Still the Presence would abide,
But no longer like a rock
Stemming hugest earthquake shock:

Volatile as thought or sleep
Through my being his will leap
And his native jungle find
In the mazes of my mind;

All the legendry of man,
All our life's elusive plan,
Asia's, Libya's, Europe's dreams
Mirrored in his vision's gleams,

With his comment yet to find
In his thought's abyss behind:
Over all my solemn moods
Thus the afreet Tiger broods,

Rolling down my vibrant brain
The Memnonian refrain:
'Master of the Vedic phrase,
Spell the Vedas of my gaze.'

I shall feel this boding power
Deepen to my final hour,
Never fathom what he thinks—
Childhood's Tiger, manhood's Sphinx!

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YOUSE AND NON-YOUSE

Bernard Hesling

THE U and non-U controversy which in 1956 raged through the pages of *Encounter*, sending the sales of this periodical soaring and spilling over with surprising splash into the popular English dailies and weeklies, led me to consider whether we have this wretched thing in Australia.

For the benefit of the unfortunate few whose wives have not told them let me explain briefly that U stands for Upper Class, whilst non-U means Out on a sort of limbo. The dreadful idea of the existence of the latter class reached us when the Honourable Nancy Mitford wrote for *Encounter* an article on the English aristocracy based largely on a paper by Professor Alan Ross of Birmingham called 'Upper Class English Usage'. Ross's paper (first published in a Finnish philogical periodical) was a harmless bird-watching affair, meant mainly to show that although in England today 'a member of the upper class is not necessarily better educated, cleaner, or richer than someone not of this class, there are still a few minor points of life which may serve to demarcate the upper class . . .'

Professor Ross—full of perhaps's and probably's—thought that one could tell U birds from non-U birds by their way of speaking and writing; perhaps by the fact that they have their cards engraved, not printed; perhaps by their aversion to 'high tea', braces for cricket, suspenders at any time and, in certain cases, their dislike of comparatively modern inventions: the telephone, the cinema, wireless etc. Another class indication (Mr Ross leaves 'perhaps' out of this one) is that '*Gentlemen* when drunk, often become amorous, or maudlin, or vomit in public—but they never become truculent.' He is, however more concerned with linguistic demarcations. U people, he finds demand lavatory paper instead of toilet paper,

table napkins, not serviettes,
false teeth, not dentures,
writing paper, not note paper,
wireless, not radio,

and, of course, a chamber pot or jerry instead of a 'Charley' or a 'Goes' (short for goes-under-the-bed: I have even heard it called a 'Guzzunder'). Professor Ross is not especially concerned with the nobility, but with U people generally; and these people can only be discovered by their 'usage': so to the extent

that this or a similar usage exists also in Australia we can be said to have U and non-U here. The purpose of this article is to seek for advantage or disadvantage (a very non-U undertaking).

Mr Ross does not speak of 'advantage'. To him, U like virtue, is its own reward. He doesn't even draw conclusions. Miss Mitford, however—who only joined the 'Hons' at the age of twelve when her father, with almost lottery-like luck, succeeded to his peerage—draws many conclusions. U people, she assures us, can not only recognise one another from the moment they open their mouths, but whenever possible they congeal into a sort of Royal Jelly in order to exclude the ubiquitous non-U. The *real* people with their salt, pepper, mustard, vinegar instead of a cruet, their counterpanes instead of bedspreads, their stays instead of corsets (and, of course, the way they say these things) know each other from the first word—or lack of word. The dreadful type who says 'Here's mud in your eye', or 'Bung ho', or 'Down the hatch' when the correct procedure is just to open the mouth and pour the stuff into you in silence, is unlikely either to captain a 'decent' cricket team or a 'good' regiment. Mind you, Miss Mitford doesn't say these things specifically (to say anything specifically would be non-U) but she does indicate that letters which come to her not sufficiently Honabled or Dear Madamed are simply dropped straight into the waste-basket unread.

Since as far as Australia is concerned, both we and 'U' stem mainly from England, we have vaguely the same U and non-U patterns (although very much watered down). Some of these patterns, especially the ones relating to tea and water (I deal with them later) have been so reversed that often what is non-U in England becomes U in Australia. Little will be gained by listing Australian examples which are similar to English one, and the truth is that as few aristocrats settled in Australia we have very little U usage that is distinctly our own. One may cavil at this and say what about our aristocratic sheep-breeding families? Well in English U circles pigs are U, sheep non-U, and to be even snootier, Australia herself in non-U. I remember a conversation I had with a young English baronet whose family went back to the Crusades, while his money went forward to the coffers of Arthur Rank. There were six of us, all noble except yours truly. It was a travel conversation and being non-U I desperately wished to be in it. 'In Australia . . . .' I said as soon as there was an opening.

'My God!' cried two shocked noble voices.

'In Australia . . .' I repeated.

'—Tell me, Hesling' (it is quite U to interrupt) 'Why Australia? Surely that's the *last* place on earth! Tell me, old man, what did you think of Cairo?'

'I never went to Cairo,' I stammered, 'only Australia.'

'But you passed Cairo, man. Good Heavens! I don't understand you going to Australia, but *what* presence of mind to pass up Cairo!'

Before doing this article I enquired of Australians in various social and age groups and an interesting example of really *local* U and non-U was given me by a very old lady, who remembered that she used to discriminate between the people who referred to England as 'the Old Country' and people who referred to it as 'home'. (Of course, she said, If England really was their home, class didn't enter into it), but descendants of the *real* families—even when they'd never been out of Australia—instinctively called England 'home'.

Returning to the matter of advantage. In no Australian instance did I find that being U was any help. Indeed, the idea of a thing being decided entirely on U is so unknown that I fear I must again quote an English example. A half-cousin of mine (a very definite U speaker) succeeded in getting four of his children into St Paul's Cathedral as choristers. The boys for this job are chosen on singing voice and on an examination. Any Anglican child can enter, and as it means free keep and free education at an English public school thousands of parents make sure that their children do enter. The choir consists of about one hundred boys, but of these only those whose voices break must be replaced, so you see how painfully few candidates are accepted each year. I told my cousin that I could well understand *one* of his boys being successful—perhaps two—but hardly four. He looked at me as if I were what he still calls a 'Bolshie'.

'Doesn't it occur to you, old man,' he said in an iced U voice, 'that my boys are probably the *right type*?'

Now I have heard of the right type in Australia, especially when it comes to employing boys, but 'type' then means scholastic type. 'Has he the Leaving? Is he bright?'—not will his manners give you an inferiority complex? Admittedly, a boy from one school can impress you more than a boy from another school. even though they both got the Leaving, but here again, the idea of what constitutes a 'good' school has changed so much in the last thirty years that as applied to children we are further than ever from the English U. In my early days in Sydney the best schools were definitely the ones you paid to attend.

If you qualified, so much the better, but if you didn't you were still the product of a U school. All this has gone by the board today. An Australian boy becomes U by IQ and by scholarship and the State schools are definitely tops. By this means, of course, your boy only acquires an educational U, which will not take him far in English U circles, but he is not in English U circles, and as I see it (I could be wrong) the well-educated Australian, no richer, cleaner or (with a few exceptions) with any better chances than the next man, is fast taking the place of our dying-out pioneer U class. Before developing this theme and in order that we shall be in a better position to study the new shoots of U in Australia I would like to determine the very roots of upper class usage.

U speaking obviously began by calling a spade a spade. If you are at the top (and the nobility once were at the top) you have no one to toady to—no one to placate. One glance through our U list is enough to show that all the upper class was doing was calling a spade a spade: lavatory paper, chamber pots, stays, napkins, false teeth, and when we come to behaviour, wenches not girls (pronounced 'gels') are bedded (not seduced); the result is a bastard (not an illegitimate child). Seen thus, there is a certain basic honesty in U. Indeed it is only when the U class spoke of *important* matters (although I have a feeling important matters are non-U) that the spade shrank to a child's toy shovel. Looking at the list again it is obvious that no Australian would say lavatory paper, unless he were completely out of touch. An English U child even to-day could live a life without ever being sent to the corner chemist, but his Australian equivalent always runs errands. His U class mother might send him for lavatory paper, but either the chemist would correct him, or he'd see Toilet Paper printed on the roll.

From this it seems that certain U words can afford to be out of date. Who but a hermit can speak of stays, when corset screams from each advertisement? Of course, a reader of the London *Times* would be spared such advertisements, but as this is a 'tuppenny' paper it only emphasizes my point that those who use such words can afford to be out of date. I must apologize for taking so many unpleasant examples, but the development of U is seen clearer in its bawdy beginnings. Who, for instance, knows when or how writing paper (U) became note paper (non-U) and who cares? But when in NSW the ladies' 'La' becomes Powder Room, or even sillier 'This is it', such change becomes a subject of absorbing interest. An architect building a hotel was recently asked by his client to think out symbols for

certain doors. 'You know, a hand holding a powder puff on one door—a hand holding a pipe on the other . . .'

The architect, a man of taste, said, 'How about just Ladies and Gentlemen in neat lettering?'

'Oh, I suppose you could,' said the client, rather shocked, 'but it's not very tactful.'

In this word 'tact' we have the crux of the matter. Tact was always 'out' in U circles. No, the way to call a spade a spade here is 'Ladies' and 'Gentlemen' (with perhaps in working class districts, 'Men' and 'Women'). As 'This is it' does not crop up in England, it is a good example of Australian non-U. Other common examples of one or the other are: National radio stations U, B class stations non-U; American cars (appearance only) non-U; those straps that hang down from cars allegedly to prevent travel sickness very non-U; suitcases and violin cases when used for transporting vegetables (the practice has nearly died out) very, very non-U; all shortenings such as 'robes for wardrobes and 'nights for nightdresses (as used in advertising) and all lengthenings, whether like Lubritorium and Fruitologist, or like calling a boy Oweny when his name is Owen, not only non-U but shocking.

Earlier on I mentioned non-U patterns to do with tea and water, which in Australia have become U patterns. Firstly water. It is obvious that the fact of an English gentleman taking a cold plunge each morning resulted in Australia (who wished all her sons to be gentlemen) leading the world in baths and plumbing. The reasons for taking the bath, though, are totally different. The U Englishman, if he continues to take a cold bath once he's left school, does so purely in order to feel fit—to get a glow up (he doesn't use soap). The Australian, though, takes his bath in order to keep clean, and cleanliness is very non-U as anyone who has seen the English nobility feeding their dogs on priceless carpets, or lolling around in tapestry chairs in muddy riding breeches, can testify. My other water example concerns a prominent Sydney businessman who at a Government House reception was observed (in what he called his long-tailed 'banger') dribbling water into his mouth from the garden hose. This gentleman's name has been mud ever since, and yet his behaviour was truly U: the man was thirsty—he drank. I have only met one duke, but he would never have suffered thirst if a hosepipe were handy, or even a horse trough.

Now for tea, and this example really is surprising, for 99 per cent of Australian hostesses who pride themselves on pouring tea in the U manner are wrong. In England milk into cup first

is non-U, tea into cup first U: Evelyn Waugh even instances a U person as referring to a non-U person as MIF (milk in first). It is certainly peculiar how MIF—the 'wrong' way of doing it—has not only travelled the world, but established itself in Australia as the *right* way. Evelyn Waugh mentions, however, that in the nursery old biddies and nurses put the milk in first (it is thought by tea fanciers to produce a richer mixture). A nice point arises here, indeed two nice points: 1. Do not the English U classes take any note of tea fanciers, who presumably would know best? 2. Are we descended from old biddies, nannies, nurses, etc? Actually I knew MIF was wrong, for many years ago when decorating Hurstmonceux Castle in Sussex I took tea with Queen Mary (very non-U to mention this). I remember I told mother about it, for mother was a milk-in-first type and I am proud to say that, although a Yorkshire woman, her reaction was completely Australian.

'Nay!' she said (mother was not a U speaker) 'fancy t'Queen not knowing t'proper way to pour t'tea.'

I pointed out that the Queen as a guest had not poured the tea (I wasn't very clear who had), but mother wasn't listening.

'I'm forgetting,' she said, 't'Queen was a Princess of Teck before she was wed. She's a German: they know nowt about tea'.

I fear there's a parallel here. Australia has a lot of Germans and also a lot of other races, most of whom know 'nowt' of either the correct way to pour tea, or of any of our idiotic U symbols. I feel sure they will give us a new batch.

Bernard Hesling

It is not then to the written but to the spoken language that attention must be paid, if we would detect the modifications which the idiom of an aristocratic people may undergo when it becomes the language of a democracy. . . . When men, being no longer restrained by ranks, meet on terms of constant intercourse—when castes are destroyed, and the classes of society are intermixed with each other, all the words of a language are mingled . . . the line ceases to be drawn between expressions which seem by their very nature vulgar, and others which appear refined.

Alexis de Tocqueville, DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA, 1840

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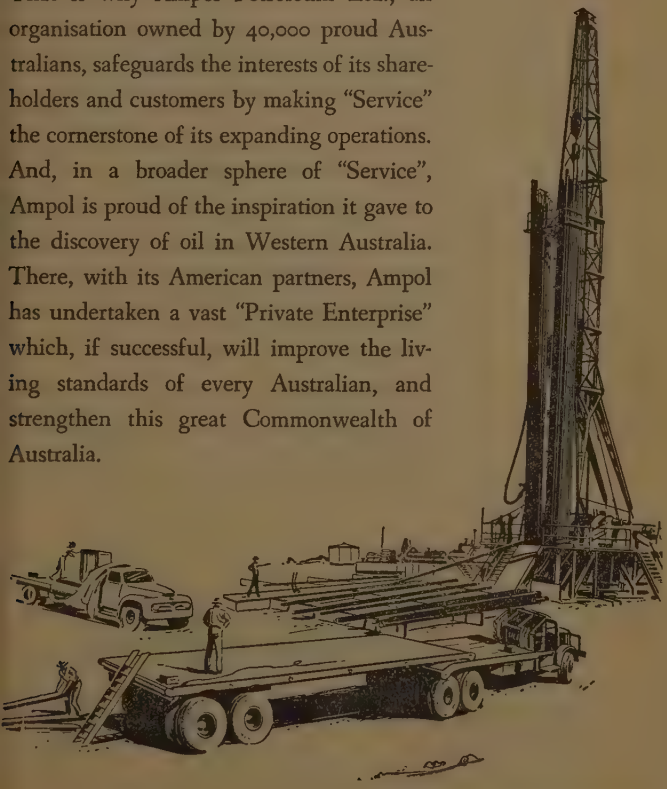

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HINDEMITH, ST AUGUSTINE, AND THE NATURE OF MUSIC

Kenneth Hince

WHEN Arnold Schönberg died a few years ago, it was as if we had come hard up against a rough and insurmountable wall, closing off the blind end of an alley. For most of this century the powerful and distrusted figure of Schönberg had dominated the musical scene; whether he was venerated or hated—and he was both, in different schools—the power of his hand was still felt. He could not be ignored out if existence, for no musician's work was quite the same after the method of composing with twelve tones was published.

Schönberg's chief value now is as a symbol. His blind alley, his imposition of a kind of mathematical *mystique* on the materials of music, stands as the most heroic and foredoomed of the many attempts that have been made to rescue music from the romantic chaos of the nineteenth century. His failure was implicit in the artificial nature of his system: but the fact that he failed with such heroism, and even with a measure of real glory, does at least thunder into the ears of most people that some attempt had to be made. Criticism has sensed this, sometimes dimly, sometimes with acuteness: and indeed it has become the scribbler's commonplace that the end of the romantic century left music in a critical impasse. But for the most part, writers have been satisfied to see this crisis as entirely a thing of technique and material, and to conclude that some new road must be opened simply because the breakdown of traditional tonality has shattered the composer's mechanical craft into the finest splinters. For the old tradition we have no replacement: the field is wide open for all kinds of hopeless electicism.

What is needed to complement this diagnosis in terms of technique—better still, to set it in a more truly humane perspective—is an examination of the nature of art which can hardly be found in any modern aesthetic, especially of music. The peculiar difficulty is that music, unlike the other fine arts, attained its most vigorous flowering *as a fine art* at a time when philosophic thought was most infected with empiricism, scepticism, and false humanism—that is, in the nineteenth century. From the *Jesu iuva* of Bach's scores, from the masses and rosaries offered by Mozart for the success of his new masterpieces, it is scarcely two or three generations before we find

music being used to relieve the messianic yearnings of the romantic artist, responsible to no-one other than his frenzied impulse, glorifying no god but the impulse to self-expression or the dilettante pleasure-seeking of this or that special audience. 'Music is the art of pleasing the ear', said a Blackwood's reviewer in 1839 'and it can have no absolute standards'.

In the nineteenth century, music completed its emancipation from its traditional associations and explored to the utmost its independence, only to find that negation and sterility are the ultimate limits of this kind of 'freedom'. The task for the twentieth century has been to re-establish the art in its proper dignity: we must appreciate not only its fecundity for pleasure, and its intellectual excitement, but also its spiritual nature.

Paul Hindemith has been eminent amongst those striving to carry out this task. He has worked not only with the problems of musical theory but also with its aesthetic philosophy.

To him is attributed the origin of the *Gebrauchsmusik* movement: he coined the word, and practised the philosophy together with Kurt Weill, who later dribbled away his life in unimportant American operas. The relation he tried to establish between music and life was aligned towards social consciousness, and the theory of the movement would be loosely comparable with the artistic direction of the Russian authorities since the revolution—or, better perhaps, with the visionary dramatic and musical schemes of Romain Rolland.

With the rise of the Nazi dictatorship in 1933, Hindemith's sympathies with the cause of the Jews brought him into holts with the Party. In 1934 the Nazi Supervisor of Intellectual Training spoke with official disfavour of Hindemith's 'worst kind of tawdry imitation of German music'. Hindemith's career continued in America, and work published a few years ago shows again his concern for the re-instatement of music as an activity of high nobility. 'We have to turn', he says, 'to the immaterial, the spiritual aspects of music in order to find [those philosophical values, which are not tied] to the instability of sound or to any other external quality of musical creations'. And the first of the philosophers to whom Hindemith turns is Saint Augustine, Bishop of Hippo. After a brief resumé of Augustine's *De musica libri sex*, he speaks of 'its truly modern analysis of our faculty of hearing . . . the profound and enthusiastic treatment of the subject and the conclusions drawn . . ' He regards these conclusions as 'the best moral, musical and theological foundation for the development of religious music'—at that time—but believes too, that 'our secular music can also

profit by these venerable ideas—in fact, it cannot exist without their support if it is to be more than entertainment. The tenor of that doctrine is: music has to be converted into moral power. We receive its sounds and forms, but they remain meaningless unless we include them in our own mental activity and use their fermenting quality to turn our soul towards everything noble, superhuman, and ideal. It is our own mind that brings about this conversion; music is but a catalytic agent to this end.'

Since this is so clearly a time when a strong statement on the ultimate nature of music is wanted—for the pedlars and jingle-merchants have been holding carnival amid the prevailing scepticism—it is unfortunate that Hindemith has tried to go back to the Augustinian teaching, and given it again to the world in misleading and ambiguous terms. His authority carries much weight, and his advocacy of Augustine has been accepted and praised; but it is not at all clear that a revival of Augustine's teaching on music would do much to sort out the confusion of our negative thinking.

Others beside Hindemith proclaim ardently that it would. In a rhapsodical article in *The Musical Quarterly*, Carl Johann Perl refers to the Augustinian idea that 'music communicates a knowledge about God, indeed, the very knowing of God, and moreover . . . it mediates this knowledge more clearly, more directly than could words by themselves'. Again, more assertively: '[Augustine] has shown the relationship between music and human existence; illuminated the process of musical creation in its most arcane recesses; divined the meaning of truth in music, and with a stroke of genius, restored to music its moral and ethical powers, retrieving them from Antiquity and from the oblivion into which they sank, and transmitting them, rejuvenated by Christian ideals, to future generations . . . . In his interpretation, music is elevated to the highest level of the activities of the human soul'.

If Augustine had done these things, or a tenth part of them, his *De musica* should be on the desk of every critic and composer. But, though Mr Perl must be at home with his subject, being the editor of the German edition of Augustine, the facts do not seem to match his enthusiasm.

The six books of this dialogue were intended as part of a cycle devoted by Augustine to the seven liberal arts. The main part of the five earlier books is given to a thorough analytical study of poetics and the feet of poetry: the sixth, most often under dispute, exemplifies Augustine's method of leading from *corporalia* to *incorporalia*, showing the philosophical value of the

study, and by a kind of metaphor demonstrating that music is an emblem of divine order and the very source of harmony.

This sixth book is rich in suggestions and illumination of Augustine's general philosophy. It throws sparks and beams of light into psychology, semantics, physiology and theology. In it Augustine makes his celebrated classification of rhythms or mathematical elements ('numbers') in sound, which Hindemith refers to as a very modern analysis of our faculty of hearing. He identifies and separates the 'numbers' in sound itself; in the listener's sense of hearing; in the act of the reciter; in the memory; and locates in the soul at least one ('judicial') and less definitely another category of 'number', the last being bound up with the soul's forming a reasonable and God-turned judgment on the operation of the very 'judicial numbers' by which it had formerly estimated the sensuous 'numbers'.

A third critic, R. C. Taliaferro, relates the *De musica* to the tradition of Plato (*Timaeus*) and Aristides, and regards the sixth book as an exposition of music 'in its cosmological and theological aspects'. He explains that Augustine's 'emphasis on music as a liberal art and science is the result of his being so well aware of the dangers of musical sensibility and of the consequent disorders arising from the irresponsible independence of music as a fine art'. 'It is a grave mistake', he says ironically, 'to accuse Augustine, along with Plato, of being unfortunately ignorant of musical sensibility and of the theory of it so highly developed in the nineteenth century'.

Taliaferro does indicate here the stern opposition between the view of music as a fine art (the modern view) and as a liberal art, or discipline (the Augustinian view, in which music fits naturally with grammar, geometry, and the others). But he does nothing to resolve the opposition. On the contrary, his suggestion seems to be that it would be highly desirable for us to jettison the practical wisdom of modern times, which is based on valid experience of music as a fine art; and, writing this off as error, to revive the older opinion, subjecting music again to intellectual logic and the philosophy of numbers.

Now as long as this is the only course which can be advocated by the commentators on Augustine, it is fairly obvious that our music and Augustine's music simply refuse to be yoked. To regard music as a discipline introductory to the study of philosophy is to make fixed and explicit demands on it, to define its scope and nature rationally and with rigidity: and the facts of modern music, patently since Beethoven and Weber, but essentially since the seventeenth century at latest, will not

ubmit to these demands or confine themselves to this definition. omething must give way before the two can be reconciled.

The key to the conflict seems to me to lie in the fact that he classical writers, Augustine included, used the word *music* n a sense quite alien from our own. One of the great buttresses which shores off our position from theirs is the revaluation by Coleridge (and all writers since) of the creative imagination. The erratic changes which the notion of imagination went hrough in the eighteenth century were, fitful as they may have been, in the direction which art itself had taken long since. These changes once crystallized in Coleridge, we have a theory of art more nearly adequate to the facts of art than any before it. It may be true that the heresy of artist as prophet, the discredited but still persuasive religion of art for art's sake, drew ome of its strength from the newly ennobled creative imagination: but it would be a great abuse to react so strongly from his heresy that we swept away too Coleridge's discovery.

It is easy enough to see that Augustine's defenders have been irritated beyond measure by the facile many who have discounted him, along with the body of early fathers, on the wrong grounds. His opposition to pagan art and letters, as well as that of Jerome and Chrysostom, has often and wrongly been ascribed to a rigorous and inhuman puritanism. Men quote these saints and their work without the slightest attempt to see them at work in their own environment: extracts from their writings are brought to light and examined with our modern humanistic instruments. Not unnaturally, it is easy to treat them with cynical amusement, to raise an eyebrow at their lack of knowledge and experience, to subject them to psychological analysis. But we cannot hope to remedy this by trying to sweep aside the whole accumulation of modern knowledge and experience, the good with the bad, causes with effects. It is inescapably true that art, any art, has for us deep-rooted and permanent values, values not to be blinked away: and it seems to be true, also, that for the classical scholars and philosophers these values were inconsiderable, because they had no experience or conception of fine art in our sense—not, at any rate, in music.

For Augustine, perhaps the closest equivalent to music as a fine art would have been the secular and pagan music, the music of the theatres. Forget for the moment the intimate association between this music and pagan luxury, for this association has been too fruitfully misleading; think only how tenuous and unreal are the elements of kinship between this primitive music and, say, the D Minor symphony of Bruckner, of the last of

Mozart's piano concertos. The gulf is incredibly vast: yet we must believe that this secular music would have stood in the same relation to Augustine's philosophy as fine art to the synthesis of a modern theologian. What is more, even if we succeed in making this identification we are faced with a second and more decisive blow, which cuts clean through the root of any theory that Augustine's music and ours are compatible terms. For Augustine *carefully and deliberately* excludes from his treatise all of the secular music of his time, together with the whole meretricious apparatus of virtuosity and professional performance; and this means that even that thin ghost of a pretext vanishes, and we are forced to fall back on the prime and obvious explanation that Augustine's philosophy has in fact nothing to say about music as a fine art.

The irrelevance of the *De musica* to modern music has, to my mind, been lucidly and conclusively shown by Marrou, in a study published just before the last war. Himself a close student of Augustine's writings as a whole, he has much to tell us about the discrepancy between the five technical books of the treatise and its last 'cosmological' book, and he refers to the Letter 101 of Augustine (to Memorius) to show that our text of the last book is probably a revision from the latter years of the saint's life. He devotes an appendix to clarifying Augustine's uses of the word *scientia* (an operative word in the definition of music, *scientia bene modulandi*) establishing its synonymity with *disciplina*, and fixing music in a context where it cannot compare with the modern concept of music. But, more importantly, Marrou reviews the relation of Augustine to the Platonic and Pythagorean tradition not, like Taliaferro, to argue that Augustine must be right where he follows the ancients, but to cast doubt on whether the views of Augustine and the ancients fitted the musical facts of their time any more than they fit ours. Augustine reduces his case to a position where physical beauty is of a low order, and postulates that we must pass from it to another beauty, *numerositas*, the harmony of all things in the source of harmony: he does not seek to place artistic experience on a rational basis, but to transcend it, in a kind of Pythagorean aesthetic which bases musical beauty on number, and passes from art to science. The concordance between this view and other strongly Platonic elements in Augustine is clear, and Marrou extends this concordance into an argument that the general classical conception of music was *a priori*, intellectual, mathematical, and ultimately mystical. The classical writers on music, he says, not only ignored the advances in technical

theory which they could not bend to their case, but set themselves even more firmly against the practical music of their time: and the tradition which they established continued so long in time that it embraced not only Augustine, but Boethius too, and even later mediaeval writers.

This argument is closely documented in Marrou, but, even in the blunt outline I have given, it is a theory which must meet with the approval of anyone who has tried to co-ordinate the classical and early mediaeval writers on music. As things stand, it is in fact the only tenable theory, alone explaining the host of inconsistencies which crop up at different levels under any other view.

We are forced then, however reluctantly, to dissent from those modern writers who would find in Augustine the cure for the tormented and confused state of the philosophy of music. To go with them would virtually mean cutting off our head to cure a diseased liver; for, in effect, they offer us an escape from the error of *laissez-faire* musical thought into an unreal world where the most important part of our empirical evidence of the art vanishes altogether. Scientific method is not a thing to be spirited out of existence with an appeal to authority, or with a flourish of a metaphor: the modern tradition in music, and the direct experience of this music which has come over several centuries to form a living strand in our culture resists this sleight of hand. It is unlikely or impossible that any philosophy of art can bear fruit unless it starts out from the facts of artistic experience. Art—music eminently— is an intractable creature, but we are not likely to tame it with external formulae alien to its own principles. To harmonize our view of music with a cosmic philosophy, with theological truth, is certainly possible, but its own truth will be safeguarded only if we give due weight to what Dorothy Sayers, in her Dante lectures, has called the *autonomy of techniques*. To the technique of musical philosophy Augustine can add pertinent details; but neither the *De musica* nor any classical treatise has, locked in its depths, the final knowledge of a relation between music and morality which most of us can feel, but none explain.

Kenneth Hince

The Recording Society of Australia has issued an LP recording of Australian poetry (Brolga B25-01): 'Five Visions of Captain Cook' and 'Captain Dobbin' by Kenneth Slessor, spoken by Frank Semple, and 'The Wanderer' by Chris Brennan, spoken by Frederick Powell. The address of the Society is Box 59, P.O., Rozelle, N.S.W.

BLOOD-POOL

L. H. Allen

Over a field a path I thrust,
Tangle of tussocks brown with heat,
That bent to my intruding feet
And glittered with a gauzy dust.

The air was quivering, hot, intense.
Birds were too drowsed to flit or call.
The silence was a golden wall
Penning the hours in somnolence.

Fringed by a clump of rusty brake
There gaped a hollow of black soil;
Freckled and streaked, it seemed to coil
And glisten like a basking snake.

With swarmed mosquitoes overcome,
That swayed like smoke against the blaze,
A pool steamed stagnant to the haze,
Filmed over with the crimson scum.

Suggestion grim, a murder-stain
As though some witch had mixed a brew
And gashed a victim, while she drew
Black magic from the spurting vein.

Odysseus slit a black ram's throat.
Into a trench he poured its blood.
The hungry ghosts flocked up for food—
Horror to see their dead eyes gloat,

For blood was life; and from their cloud
Teiresias came, the blinded seer,
Prophetic phantom, grave, austere,
His sightless sockets greyly browed.

He told Odysseus strife awaited;
Only from slaughter came release,
And after blood a blessed peace,
Green age, and gentle death were fated.

Man on tumultuous seas is tossed,
Longing to reach a final haven.
What on the brass of Fate is graven?
That pool seemed a prophetic ghost.

AUBADE

James McAuley

It was the hour of spells and charms.
Right at the crowing of the cock
She turned herself into my arms
And whispered tenderly: 'Unlock
In me the paradise of pleasure;
Now is the hour and this the key.
Make haste, sweet, to possess each treasure
That searching shall create in me.

'Taste on my lids the tears that float
On the dark iris of my eyes.
Drink deeply from my murmuring throat
The yielded body's inmost cries.
O quickly, before dawn shall break
And day renew its thousand things,
Enter my paradise, touch and take
Your pleasure while the robin sings.'

Our loves were mingled in that hour,
Pure as the dawn-bird's piping call,
Scented with mystery like the flower
Of iris growing by the wall.
Thereafter day, from us renewing
Its eastern fires, drew from their rest
All things that move, their loves pursuing,
While our love slumbered on the breast.

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DAVID JONES'

THE RE-MAKING OF MAN

D. G. M. Jackson

TODAY the ambition to remake man in the image of the social or technical machine is no longer seen by many as a monstrous conspiracy against freedom and humanity. We have grown accustomed to listen to reformers who disguise their anti-human objectives under pseudo-scientific terms. The task of educationalists, we are told, is to train children to live happily in the Great Society by enabling them to fit in with the requirements of the age: which means, in effect, to know more about machines and less about humanities and historic wisdom. The process of breaking down natural loyalties—for instance, those of the family—is upheld on the ground that the traditional family pattern of living is outworn. The uprooting of spiritual beliefs and traditional values by carefully-inculcated scepticism is defended in the name of promoting freedom of thought; though it serves rather to create an interior emptiness which tends to destroy the power to resist or criticise the current secular standards of thought and life, as well as removing the most powerful motive for moral resistance to state tyranny—summed up in the apostles' phrase 'We must obey God rather than man'.

The calculated dehumanization of men and women in the U.S.S.R. and China is being attempted today on an immense scale: and the details of the technique used are worth attention. The object is to reconstruct the whole personality so that it will express the pattern of thought and value of the official philosophy, and for this purpose to destroy the ultimate springs of freedom in the life of the subject. The process is described very fully in Liu Shaw-Tong's *Out of Red China*, published in U.S.A. in 1953.

The author was forced to give up his academic career at Peking National University in 1949. The Communists took the city soon after, and he was drawn into a training scheme for the 'South-bound Working Group'—which was described as 'voluntary'. The brainwashing technique was by then already standardized. In the Big Class and Little Class meetings, led by Party Agitators and attended by unidentified 'old-timers' among the trainees, the process of 'criticism and self-criticism' and humiliation were learned. In these innumerable and unending sessions, the innermost thoughts and emotions were dragged before the group, so that *the individual person became*

public property. A second technique was the enforced writing of autobiographies and diaries, which were then exposed to group 'criticism', revised and rewritten continuously and, in the end incorporated in the party member's dossier, to be used against him if necessary. A straight narration of your past life was not enough. For every action you described, you had to give its motive in detail. Your awakened criticism had to be apparent in every sentence. You had to say *why* you smoked, *why* you drank, *why* you had had social connections with certain people—*why*, *why*, *why*.

The third aspect of the indoctrination was the deliberate destruction of former value patterns, and their replacement by a pattern of utter subordination to the demands of the Party. This was called *cutting one's tail*—i.e., ridding oneself of the past. The 'tails' were of three types—family attachments, traditional social links and individualist concepts or emotions—for instance, friendship, compassion, loyalty. One of these was *marriage*—husbands and wives being referred to as 'lovers'. It was explained that dealings with 'female lovers' were the same as those with other 'comrades'—but for the sex act. 'Any extra emotions or private affections are really subversive, because then the temptation to place the Revolution on a secondary level of importance becomes too great to be resisted . . . The correct view of love must ever conform to a positive thought standard and the proper political recognition that the Organization comes first in all matters.'

Other aspects of the study-process were intensive indoctrination with Marx-Leninism and with the thought of Mao Tse-tung, and the inculcation of utter obedience. Punishments for those who committed breaches of discipline were very harsh—physical degradation being combined with psychological terror induced by the threat of unknown punishments, in order to convince trainees that they must surrender themselves completely to obtain peace of mind.

Liu—who graduated to become a journalist—goes on to describe how 'total control' is now used in Red China to manipulate the many media used in swaying the masses. From the Yang-ko dance teams to the cinema, every form of entertainment is regulated by the party apparatus: and the writers themselves are forced constantly to resume the process of 'criticism and self-criticism' so that everything produced by them shall express the party line. The news-stories of the pressmen are sent to small groups for 'study and approval' so as to emerge as an impersonal collective product. The least words are

scrutinized as well as the topics of stories—relationship of *news* to *fact* being regarded, incidently, as an 'old-society concept'.

From the standpoint of the prospects of Oriental humanity, this picture of a cold, calculated plan of robotization is, I submit, more frightening than anything that we have heard of million-fold massacres. The great Chinese civilization is capable of surviving an immense bloodbath; and it is doubtful whether even the Communist terror has yet outdone that of the Taipings in the last century. But the effect of the Red brain-washing of today on the destiny of mankind is incalculable, because nothing of the kind has been attempted before. The immediate fruits in Liu's own case are revealed in his account of a propaganda speech delivered by him in the very course of his escape. He reflects: 'It was a strange feeling for me to recognize that I had assimilated the Revolutionary patter so well, and that I could hypnotize others with slogans and clichés which used to make me want to vomit when I first heard them'. His opinion is that 'if the rains of Communism flood the world, humanity will drown'.

My own belief is that the spirit of man cannot be slain, and that the conspiracy which seeks to destroy freedom will be 'thrown off the back of nature' ultimately, even if it is not defeated in the present world struggle. But the number of inhuman monsters, demi-robots and pstchological cripples who can be produced by the new technique and whom its inventors intend to use for their purposes, promises us a tragedy of ruined lives of unparalleled vastness unless the overthrow of totalitarianism, or its disruption and collapse from within, comes sooner than appears likely at present.

The Zhdanov School, which is the training-ground for the Communist élite in Rumania, is another example of the technique of planned, full-scale dehumanization. It has been established in the building formerly occupied by the Catholic Notre Dame de Sion College, once the most fashionable girls' finishing school in Bucharest. The candidates for conditioning in this case are carefully picked from lists of 'proletarians' sent in by Communal Secretariats; they are checked and re-checked before being interviewed individually. Politically, they are required to be a *tabula rasa* as far as possible, having no advanced education or ideological formation or firm ties—*even with the Communist Party of the war era*. The reason is that the unschooled, uncritical mind can be more easily moulded to accept the current official Communist interpretation of all phenomena, from history to wheat-growing. For the rest, those pupils are preferred who have themselves been embittered by the suffering of social

misery or racial persecution under the older Rumanian regime, or whose families retain resentful memories of this kind. Resentment and a smouldering desire for revenge, are the basis upon which the college plans to build: and the incentive of a career in the upper echelons of the Party is offered as a bait, in return for fidelity, obedience and discipline.

The first step in the indoctrination is the destruction of the individuality, as in China. To achieve this, the student is deliberately and grossly overworked, so that he may have no time for reflection or for the development of outside interests, but his whole thought filled with Party matters. One incidental consequence of this oppression was recorded in 1951. Of those certified free from tuberculosis when entering the school in the autumn of 1950, fifteen per cent had contracted it by May, despite the excellent diet given to them.

Another technique in the neutralization of personality is the prevention of *friendships* between students, which stimulate private life and the expression of individuality, and may even lead to the exchange of political confidences of a doubtful kind, and the spread of a spirit of revolt. Those who show signs of forming such ties are delated as guilty of forming 'exclusive cliques' and separated. On the contrary, suspicions and rivalries are fostered; a model student being one who is constantly on the watch to see and denounce deviations among his fellows, so that there is a perpetual competition in criticism. Those who fail in this respect are held to lack the *combative spirit.* Student informers are also recruited secretly, whose business it is to be constantly watchful against infiltrating enemies of the Party. If they fail to report any hostile sentiments, they are liable to be accused of lack of vigilance or even disloyalty: so that they are driven to exaggerations, misinterpretations and lies. This leads to more mutual distrust—*and accelerates the moral disintegration of the personality.*

The core of the system of education is the infallibility of the Party. Its decisions are the irrefutable answer in any political or scientific controversy. Accordingly the aim is to create a habit of absolutely blind submission which makes the inhibition of independent thought automatic. The vacuum of individuality is filled up on the emotional level by fanaticism—sparked by pep talks from Party leaders—and on the intellectual level by the everlasting repetition of certain elementary themes taught in class. All access to spoken or written material other than that of the Party is blocked. Students find the Party line everywhere—in news, art, literature and the cinema.

From the Communist point of view, the Zhdanov method seems on the surface to be successful. Some forty per cent are said to be 'broken in' after the first six months; at the end of two or three years, almost all are reckoned to be indoctrinated. But the machine-education of men into interchangeable parts still fails to make, all safe from the Marx-Leninist standpoint, even among the elite who are being made slave-minded so that they may be reliable slave-overseers. In spite of the conditioning and the material incentives, members of the chosen group *still* escape west, and tell their stories; and Hungary revealed that indoctrination can break down completely.

In the world of the Western democracies, of course, we have nothing resembling this kind of ruthless official conditioning of men to shape them for mental and moral servility. But it remains true that the thinking of Governments, industrialists and even labour organizers is to a great extent based on the principle that technological considerations must come first, and that the human operative must have his way of life and thought readjusted so that they may work in smoothly with the machine to which he is harnessed. How many of our writers who concern themselves with what they call liberty ever seriously consider the question of the anti-human constraints with which millions of common men have to wrestle every day?

The modern large-scale industry, and the concentration of huge masses of labour in huge plants under conditions of strict regimentation, involves a distortion of the normal human way of life to which we have grown accustomed, but which is psychologically unnatural and unhealthy. The worker's family and community life are disrupted: his labour, even when it is not exhausting, is too often sub-humanly monotonous: he is condemned to long and congested daily journeys from home to work and from work back home, and to a life chained to the norms of time in all its rhythms and motions. Yet much of this inhuman structure is indefensible even from the technological standpoint. It is a survival from the age of steam perpetuated by sheer inertia (and by vested transport and other interests) into the age of electricity.

The 'scientific' organization of labour by management tends to make the human operation efficient by making it as close as possible to that of the machine. One of the most famous early examples of this is Taylor's pig-iron shovelling experiment of 1899, when he taught the Dutchman Schmidt how he could shovel forty-seven-and-a-half tons of coal instead of twelve-and-a-half a day. Taylor himself, incidentally, was well aware

of the kind of man required to fit his purposes for this toil: 'One of the first requirements for a man who is fit to handle pig-iron as a regular occupation, is that he shall be so stupid and phlegmatic that he more nearly resembles an ox than any other type.'

The process begun by Taylor was continued by Gilbreth, who worked out an abstract visualization of 'functionalized' human motions by which waste of energy and time could be avoided: and finally, Bedeaux formulated a system of calculus whereby wage payments could be exactly proportional to the work done in each operation, and the human strain involved. The wage-rationalization experts of USA look forward to a time when the fragmentation of work will make it possible to set down a complete scale of values, so that a standard performance can be established for every job in industry.

The worker is not only atomized, but an iron regimentation is imposed upon him by the requirements of technological complexities: so that, under the more elaborate modern forms of division of labour, he ceases to have any control whatever over his own working conditions or materials. A superstructure, organizing and directing production, draws away brain-work from the actual shop: the worker himself is completely detached from any possibility of human interest in the work of production.

It has been found that production itself suffers where labour is chained, like Ixion, to the endlessly revolving wheel. Moreover, the charge of dehumanization is one which the industrial organizer finds hard to bear. Hence in recent years, we have been hearing much about developing sound 'human relations' in industry. It is worth noticing, however, that a number of the designs for 'humanizing' the factory still accept the existing patterns of technology as unalterable—the task is to adjust men's lives, as humanely as possible, to the needs of the machine: just as in the USSR and Red China they are conditioned to the pattern of a rigid power-ideology and a ruthless industrialization process. 'The satisfactions of craftmanship are gone', says the sociologist Whyte, 'and we can never call them back'. It only remains, therefore, to teach men how to like something different, or at least accept it, so that the goddess Technology can be served. In the end, this amounts to the use of artful manipulation instead of crude compulsion in order to dominate. The tough, brutal foreman is replaced by the psychologically-oriented supervisor: and the constraint of the worker is to that extent relieved. But the work process is still a sub-human one: the pattern of life imposed on those engaged is still an unnatural one: the reformers still fail to face the need of reshaping social

life and industry to the real requirements of men—family life and space for it, work worth doing from which human satisfactions is to be obtained, and work and leisure pursuits shading off into one another. Instead, they try to divert the attention of the worker by distractions: to compensate him for yoked routine by more leisure. This is the future to which we are invited to advance. The hope is that, eventually, a new sort of man will emerge who will be spiritually castrated, so that he is no longer capable of inconvenient thoughts, aspirations and emotions.

The hope does not appear likely to be realized; but meanwhile, technology marches on. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays we invent machines to replace labour, while for the rest of the week we discuss what is to be done to find work for those displaced. We discourage the young from having families because our design for living is one in which cars and luxuries and all sorts of things are given priority over house building, and because our tax structure condemns the family man to debt and privation: and then we find that we are faced with a growing number of aged folk who have to be supported somehow at public cost. We have a machinery of distribution which involves bankruptcy through a glut of unsold foodstuffs and other products in one country, while another suffers from famine and lack of the means to clothe its people.

It is time to stop rebuking as romantic and unreal the demand that technique shall be subordinated to the requirements of man *as he is*. The evils of our time, and the increase of them by revolutionary destroyers, have arisen very largely from the senseless notion that man can be and must be pressed into the moulds that mechanization and technological progress seem to demand, and that society can be twisted into any shape imagined by advanced theorists, as long as they are not afraid of breaking enough human eggs to make their omelettes.

The increase of man's knowledge and mastery over natural forces can give him very great new possibilities of life and freedom —so long as he does not try to use that mastery to treat *himself* as raw material for experimentation; but he cannot retain his human way of life if he loses the sense that the human person is sacred, and that the only real progress is that which enables the actual men around him to develop their human nature in free activities, to satisfy their normal needs, and to fulfil their spiritual aspirations.

D. G. M. Jackson

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THE BRENNAN I REMEMBER

A. R. Chisholm

PROUST was justified, I think, in believing that memory is ultimately a creative artist rather than a mere collector. It weaves its multitudinous details into a synthesis; and the role of analysis is only to investigate the design and try to find a reasonable number of the materials used in working it out.

That undoubtedly holds good when I attempt to remember Chris Brennan as a man. Hundreds of my detailed memories escape me, or can be recaptured only one by one. I recall a big man with a big, rich voice; a man for whom I had a mixed feeling of wonder and affection. I found it fascinating to be with him, and willingly remained talking—more often listening—to that deep voice long after the Compliqués' lunchtime gathering at Paris House had broken up. And yet there was always something that just eluded me; some strange quality of mind that made him a sonorous island in a lonely sea.

It was that loneliness, perhaps, that made his eyes so difficult to portray. Most of the artists who tried to reproduce them caught their bold, prominent stare, their amused irony or their mischievous twinkle. But they missed the wistfulness that lay behind them. There was, in fact, a softness about Brennan's appearance that still makes my memories nostalgic. Strangely enough, the camera caught this more successfully than the artists, and I cherish some photos that reveal the lonely angel (some would say fallen angel) behind the brilliant ironist.

His attitude towards his family was unfathomable, like most things about him. Everyone knows the tragedy of his married life, and the other tragedy that followed, when his second love perished in a stupid accident and his world fell to pieces. Yet even at the time of his bitterest estrangement, when Mrs Brennan and he lived in separate parts of their house at Newport, I never once heard him make any disparaging remark about his wife. I suspect that he still loved her in his strange way; or loved at least the memory of what she once had meant to him.

He was sometimes ironical with regard to her, of course, but his irony was not bitter. One day, for example, he came to lunch wearing an orthodox tie, and said: *Je me suis emancipé* (French was obligatory at these lunches). He went on to explain

that he had at last revolted against the stiff, white piqué cravats that Mrs Brennan had always made him wear.

At another lunch, when he had a cold (which he naturally called *un coryza*, rather than *un rhume*), he hauled out of his pocket one of his wife's chemises to blow his nose; and proceeded to lecture us on the curative value of human perspiration stored in under-garments. But I have never been sure whether he was in earnest, or trying to cover up Mrs Brennan's neglect in failing to have a stock of handkerchiefs ready for him.

One day in the middle of lunch a pretty girl appeared at the door and beckoned to him. He went out and discussed something with her; then came back. Half-an-hour later she appeared at the door again. *Oh, cette sacrée jeune fille*! he grumbled, as he rose heavily and went out once more. 'That blessed girl' was his younger daughter, for whom he had a genuine fondness; but from the way that he spoke of her she might have been an importunate hussy.

Of this same daughter he once said that she blossomed in bucolic fashion down at Newport, living on milk from their dairy, with often, by way of lunch, only *une tranche de toma-a-te* (he lengthened the 'a' in his characteristic fashion) on a round of buttered bread. But was he admiring her frugality, or merely dismissing the thought of his own neglect?

He professed to have little admiration for the feminine mind; perhaps least of all for women writers (with the one exception of Ricarda Huch, whose book on the German romantics he regarded highly); and he used to quote with gusto Nietzsche's designation of the over-prolific George Sand as a 'frightful literary milch-cow'. He recapitulated for us one day (at Mount Wilson, I think, when a few of us, including Hardy Wilson and the pianist Godfrey Smith, were spending the week-end at a beautiful property belonging either to Furneaux Mann or to his brother) his answers to a lady who had interrogated him on this matter:

—You don't think much of women's brains?

—They have none, madam.

—You think them inferior to men?

—I do.

—Do you despise them, then, or what is your attitude?

—I love 'em!

All this notwithstanding, he had many women friends and admirers, and had a great respect for several of them, notably Mlle Soubeiran, Miss Fitzhardinge, Conor O'Brien and Esme Hadley. Moreover he took the trouble to write admirable little

dedications in copies of *Poems 1913* given to women acquaintances, sometimes even adding to the inscription some verses written for the occasion. He was unfailingly courteous to *all* women, and always spoke to the waitresses at Paris House as if they were great ladies.

Brennan was not only good-tempered, but at times quite gay. Once, at John Quinn's Balmoral camp, when a gramophone began to play a lively tune, he hitched up his trousers sailor-fashion and sketched a few steps of an elephantine hornpipe. He loved to tell—and hear—funny stories; many of his anecdotes were obscene, but in an artistic way, and never vulgar, though he took an impish delight in shocking the prudish.

And how he loved banter! At one of our occasional lunches at Petty's Hotel, near Fort Street (not the synthetic new Fort Street in Petersham, but the old school that should never have been abandoned), we saw four people at another table watching us with obvious interest, and speaking French. Brennan at once invited them over. One of them asked me (heaven knows why) if I was a poet. Before I could formulate a modest disclaimer, Brennan took the bait: *C'est un de nos poètes les plus éminents, Madame.*' And he added that when Victor Hugo died, his spirit wandered in a lonely limbo for two or three years and then crossed the sundering seas to find reincarnation in *ce jeune homme* (which, though otherwise fantastic, would have been at least chronologically possible). I believe that for a time the lady took him seriously. Her husband, who was with her, had just joined the French consular staff in Sydney, and Brennan promptly promoted him to membership of the Compliqués.

He liked to attract to the lunch-club men of the most varied interests (this was not without a desire to increase his circle of admirers), including one regular attendant, Austin, who had an administrative post in the municipal electricity corporation and had studied French at the University, partly under Brennan. When he told us that his office was in a basement at the Town Hall, Brennan burst forth with the chorus of a current popular song 'Dan, Dan, the sanitary man' (*puisqu'il travaille dans un sous-sol et pour l'édilité*), and thenceforth Austin was called Dan. Brennan was lavish with nicknames at the Compliqués. He called himself Fra Cristoforo; Jordan, then an equity barrister, and afterwards Chief Justice of New South Wales, was Jorky; I was Le Vorace; and so on.

At these, as at other convivial gatherings, he always drank a lot of wine—mainly burgundy. But he was *not* a drunkard (though he may have become one for a time in the bitter years

following his dismissal from the University). He simply loved wine, and treated it as respectfully as he spoke to the waitresses.

The only time I saw him nearly drunk (it was also the one occasion on which I saw him angry) was on the afternoon when Sir Mungo MacCallum, on the eve of his retirement from the chair of English was farewelled in the Great Hall at the University. Brennan was rather flushed (we had prolonged the Compliqués lunch unduly) and talkative. To my unspeakable surprise 'Sonny' Holme came up to him in the doorway and said: 'Brennan, Brennan, pull yourself together. Your face is very red and your voice very loud'. But what stirred me more deeply still was to see how meekly impotent Brennan's anger was: I almost though he was going to break down. God knows what private unhappiness had made him drink too much that day; and who was Holme to rebuke him for a social sin that may well have been the manifestation of an inner torment?

However that may be, Brennan sobered up and walked in; and throughout the speech-making he stood on the platform like an angel of doom, or Poe's raven, while on his brooding face gusts of anger alternated with signs of fierce, attentive admiration for his great colleague.

He could improvise verses in several languages with a truly amazing facility.

Once at Paris House, for some now unremembered reason, I quoted three lines from Dante's *Inferno* (ix, 61-63):

O voi, che avete gl'intelletti sani,
mirate la dottrina, che s'asconde
sotto il velame degli versi strani.

Brennan said: 'That goes into German very well', and reeled off this rendering:

Ihr, die ihr habt den Sinn am rechten Orte,
schauet die Wundermär' die sich verbirget
hinter den Schleier geheimnisvoller Worte.

His improvisations were not always so respectable. Someone at table recalled Mallarmé's unfortunate line in *L'Azur*:

Je suis hanté. L'Azur! l'Azur! l'Azur! l'Azur!

'Oh' said Brennan 'it would be easy to make an alexandrine, using a longer word than *azur* four times. What about this?'

Il fornique, il fornique, il fornique, il fornique!

Did he ever write things like this down? I have never *seen* any of the above lines: I record them simply as I heard them at lunch some thirty-seven years ago.

But it is time to dam this stream of anecdotes and reminiscences, more particularly as I have given the main externals of Brennan's

life in the introduction to the forthcoming edition of his Works. As I said earlier, Mnemosyne's syntheses are of more artistic (and psychological) value than the materials with which she makes her pictures. What stands out in my memory, and haunts it, is the figure of a big man who had big faults and lordly talents; a man whom I loved and of whose company I never tired; a man of genius exiled among lesser mortals and sharing their weaknesses; a man with wistful eyes, the gaiety of which was sometimes misted with tears unshed.

We forget the tears too easily because we are under the spell of a distorting legend. Nor do we realise sufficiently how copious and how bitter thoses tears must have been after the accident by which 'Vie' was brutally wrenched away from Brennan, and nothing remained but an awful loneliness that many, no doubt, looked upon as mere disgrace.

Ultimately, that desolation found expression in a short cycle of poems known, so far, to few. When they have been made more widely available, the man Brennan will once more, probably, be obscured by Brennan the artist. For his poetry of his last period is perhaps the most moving of all that he wrote; so moving indeed that its sheer beauty may well eclipse the sorrow that engendered it. Immortality is to some extent impersonal.

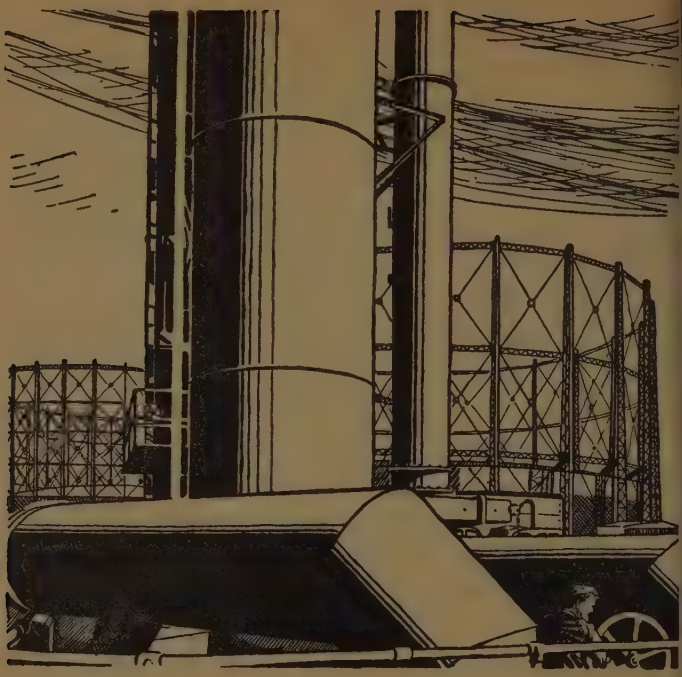
A. R. Chisholm

FOR HAROLD STEWART

Keith Harrison

The lake is calm and the wild geese have gone:
All nature waits: now, like a white surprise,
Rises and soars the grand Supernal Swan.
Because you stand quite still, and lift your eyes
In contemplation of symbolic birds,
We, who pursue bird-shadows on the ground,
Recall their meaning through your sculptured words,
Those splendid columns built of purest sound.

Within the noise and rubble of our age
The Word is almost lost. Despite this rage
You work until each captive thought is freed.
Mysteriously, the thousand-petalled flower
Unfolds. We praise this gift, this silent power
Which knows the tree implicit in the seed.



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THE COMMUNIST 'UNITY' MANOEUVRE

In *Communist Review* March 1957 Keith McEwan comments on the growing success of the current CP tactic of negotiating 'unity tickets' with other labour leaders in the unions; 'The recent elections in the Miners' Federation which returned Communist and ALP leaders unopposed seems to indicate that "sharing the leadership" is spreading gradually through the trade union movement'. The aim is to arrive at a single comprehensive ticket representing all sections. The article acknowledges that in Victoria this aim has been seriously hampered by the existence of the ACLP and Industrial Groups which retain a large following. 'Sharing the leadership' as defined by McEwan is a deceptive formula; it is a technique of extending Communist control by drawing other organizations nearer to the Party and persuading them in Stalin's phrase 'to accept voluntarily its political guidance.'

A NEUTRALIST PAMPHLET

Current Affairs Bulletin, Vol. 19, No. 22, 1957 entitled 'Whose Chinese?' discusses the Overseas Chinese in South-East Asia and suggests that their future turns on whether mainland China aims at gaining sway over the area, or whether its energies will be absorbed for the next generation or so in internal development. The writer favours the latter opinion, and clearly implies that the neutralist line of trusting China's peaceful intentions is right and the SEATO conception is wrong. This vision of a peaceful internally-absorbed China should be set to lullaby music; it is the post-1949 version of the successful fraud worked in the previous decade presenting the Chinese Reds as democratic agrarian reformers, not faithful soldiers of the Communist world revolution. Different reading is to be found in the 1957 Annual Report of SEATO which warns that an all-out campaign of Communist subversion is being waged in the treaty area: 'Every device is being used to weaken the free nations therein so that eventual Communist domination of South and South-East Asia may be secured.' It mentions that among the Overseas Chinese 'the Communists have attempted to recruit possible subversive agents . . and to extort financial support by various forms of coercion, often directed at relatives on the Chinese mainland.' Neither this subversive activity nor the callous extortion racket is acknowledged in the *C.A.B.*, nor the build-up of military strength in China and North Vietnam.

SEX AND GAMES AMONGST MAGPIES

The Emu Vol. 56, Part 4, 1956, is devoted to revelations by Angus Robinson of the mores of the Western Magpie. Other Australian magpies exhibit generally similar behaviour. The birds live in small groups or 'clans' each with a defended territory. To some extent adult males are promiscuous even within their own group. Polygamy is common (both polygyny and polyandry) especially when there is an unequal sex ratio. But the male who is despot or 'king' of the little group may inhibit other males from making advances to females. This might account for the frequency of rape or attempted rape committed on the females of other clans by sexually unsatisfied intruder males who approach by stealth and seize upon an isolated female without warning till driven off by defending males. The intruder flies back to his territory doing the 'tilting flight'

display, inclining one side for so many wing-beats and then the other.

The article goes on to describe the definite but variable games played by immature and unoccupied magpies, e.g.: 'One bird would pick up a ring of wire and run along with it in its beak while the others followed, attacking it. Every now and then the attacked bird would roll over on its back and the other birds would drag it around by the wings or feet. The white-backed male (the 'king') arrived during the game and attacked the young birds in a similar manner and they rolled over on their backs and stopped there. He had four of them lying down at one time, though they were some distance apart. Two of them stayed on their backs for some minutes as if dead with their mates examining them and pecking and pulling their wings out at times. It reminded me of a child pretending to be asleep and the other children endeavouring by various methods to make it open its eyes.'

ENGLAND V. THE CONTINENT IN PHILOSOPHY

Max Charlesworth in 'Philosophic Myopia', *Twentieth Century* Vol. 11, No. 3, 1957 examines the breakdown of communication between England and the Continent in philosophy. In England the movement called Linguistic Analysis begun by Wittgenstein predominates. On the Continent the dominant movement is Phenomonology which originated with Husserl and which is the source of whatever is of philosophic interest in Existentialism. Each movement claims to be a complete revolution in philosophy. For the Analysts the traditional problems of philosophy are pseudo-problems which are to be not solved but dissolved by showing how they arise from linguistic confusion. For Husserl, traditional philosophy was concerned with real problems but failed to discover the true method of dealing with them, so that philosophy in any strict sense did not exist until Husserl arrived to supply the phenomenological method, which is 'a direct descriptive knowledge of consciousness by a unique and special intuition'. Thus each school develops a philosophy *about* philosophy. The disagreement is so fundamental that for the first time in Western civilization England and the Continent are divided not only by mutual incomprehension but even by lack of any wish for mutual comprehension.

AUSTRALIAN POLITICAL NOVELS

S. Encel in *Historical Studies* Vol. 7, No. 27, 1956 reviews a mixed bag of Australian political novels, including Mrs Campbell Praed's *Policy and Passion*, (1881) based on Queensland in the seventies; Randolph Bedford's *The Snare of Strength*, with a Victorian background; Mrs Ada Holman's *Sport of the Gods* (1921) reflecting NSW politics in the Holman period; and Frank Fox's *Beneath an Ardent Sun* (1923) dealing with Federal politics. In these last two, as in much of the literature of the period, 'disillusionment with parliamentary democracy is unconcealed'. Later novels mentioned include Frank Hardy's *Power Without Glory* 'whose claims to be regarded as a novel are disputable'; Leonard Mann's *The Go-Getter*; Kylie Tennant's *Foveaux*; Dal Stivens's *Jimmy Brockett*, the only full-length portrait of a city boss. S. Encel concludes that Australian political novels do not rank high as novels. Referring to Hancock's remark that in Australia the State is regarded as 'a vast public utility whose duty it is to provide the greatest happiness of the greatest number', he says: 'One cannot write novels, any more than poetry, about the beauties of municipal washhouses.'

Environment and The Creative Mind

Creative people, in general, do their best work when they're happiest — when they're physically comfortable, well-nourished, and free from harassing anxieties.

These vital factors are needful for full release of the energies of the talented for creative work.

All experience shows that the most robust burgeonings of creative endeavour, in all the arts and sciences, can naturally be looked for in communities which have a high general level of material welfare.

Australia's national economic progress, which has made such colossal strides forward in the last couple of decades, has provided a highly favourable climate for development of creative work — and also enlarged the opportunities of all who dedicate themselves to it.

This fact, with all its profound implications, affords yet another source of rewarding satisfactions for the Atlantic Union Oil organisation, which has for more than a quarter of a century effectively served Australia's advancement, in transport, industry and agriculture, with the very best in petroleum products which scientists and refiners could devise.

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ATLANT

DENIS DE ROUGEMONT:
Passion and Society
Faber & Faber. London.

MARIANA ALCOFORADA:
Letters from a Portuguese Nun
Hamish Hamilton. London.

Within Western civilization two conceptions of sexual love have contended for supremacy. Each arises from a definite metaphysical view. One is the orthodox Christian conception of marriage as a personal and social union with a sacramental character, whereby the natural goodness of sexual desire and procreation is confirmed and raised to a means of grace. The other is the 'religion of love', the cult of romantic passion, as it descends all the way from the Courtly Love of the troubadours to the daydreams of Hollywood.

The essential features of this cult of passion appear in the literary works which celebrate it. In the nineteenth century the novels of George Sand were a popular source. This very enlightened and advanced lady performed in real life with Musset and Chopin some famous excerpts from the score of the higher fornication. All Europe and half Russia sighed and thrilled to her novels, which are today unreadable. A pleasanter way of gaining insight into the nineteenth century form of the cult at its height is though E. H. Carr's immensely readable study of advanced literary and political personages, *The Romantic Exiles* (Pelican). Love is the supreme spiritual experience; it is divine, and a law to itself. The rights of passion override lesser rights and obligations. The cold prudent laws of society, the calculations of material interest are shattered. Children and their needs are irrelevant in this mystique, and seldom mentioned. Love is a voluptuous ecstasy mysteriously linked with pain and frustration. Happy love is not romantic: an ill-starred woeful passion is always its superior. Whence this hankering after unhappiness, this suspect craving for a majestic voluptuous sadness? Still more mysteriously the ideal of romantic passion is linked with darkness, dissolution and death—a transfiguring, divinizing death. *Romeo and Juliet* is steeped in this atmosphere. Isolde singing the *Liebestod* in Wagner's *Tristan* is the supreme canticle of this cult. *A fatal, irresistible, lawless and unhappy passion*: this is what thrills and allures the Western soul, this is what destroys Western marriage, and provides the theme of countless novels, plays, operas, poems. Denis de Rougemont concentrates his attention on this theme in his *Passion and Society*.

As it happens, another famous literary document of passion has been recently re-published, the (possibly genuine) *Letters from a Portuguese Nun*, a seventeenth-century classic, agreeably translated into an Augustan-style English by Lucy Norton. Here sounds the authentic note of the cult: 'Yet I think I have some fondness for this Pain, of which you are the only Source . . . I would not nourish a Hope that would surely give me Pleasure, for I am resolved to feel nothing but my Pain . . . Adieu! love me always, and let me suffer still more Hurts . . . I know my Fate too well to try to overcome it; I shall be unhappy all my Life long.'

The great merit of Denis de Rougemont's book does not lie in his singling out for description this tradition of romantic passion but in his attempt to account for its rise and identify its origins. He traces the cult back to the twelfth century and shows how it took shape under the impress of the gnostic heresy which seems to lie behind the troubadours' lays and the Courts of Love of Southern France. At that time the persistent current of eastern Manichaeism emerged in the West in the

form of the Catharist religion of the Albigenses and powerfully challenged the orthodox faith, which strove to defeat it by all available means including inquisition and military crusade. Rougemont's thesis is that romantic love is in origin a deflection of Catharist spirituality into the secular sphere.

The Catharist religion maintained that the material world, including man's fleshly nature, is evil in principle, created not by God but by Satan. The soul alone is pure, but it is imprisoned in matter. Salvation concerns only man's spiritual part and is obtained by liberation from the body and material circumstances; the body has no intrinsic dignity and destiny of glory as in Christian teaching. The initiates, the Perfect, rejected sexuality as a defilement, condemned marriage and procreation as snares of the soul. Condemning nature, which in Christian belief is rescued and perfected by grace, they made suicide by starvation, which is a complete rejection of nature, the supreme act of their religion. In 'the Church of Love', as the religion was named, the pure saving Light was symbolized as a Woman, Maria, a feminine principle drawing men's souls to bliss. She is probably the unattainable Lady in some of the more esoteric lays of the troubadours.

De Rougemont argues very persuasively that it was in a culture haunted by this rival mystery religion, with its elaborate rhetoric of otherworldly desire, and its rejection of the conventions and institutions of Christian society, that the revolt against Christian marriage took a definite form. The Catharist myth was profaned; its spirituality leaked out into the secular world of the uninitiated, and there the cult of the Woman became an idealized erotism opposed to social laws. The passionate lover is irresistibly drawn towards an ideal but earthly beloved. Their passion is guilty in the world's eyes but in reality it is too high, too pure for this world: its goal is a mystical union, a transfiguring rapture, but the road to that consummation is one of pain and frustration and tragic death. The *Tristan* romance gives the 'myth' of this new cult of Eros, which was named Courtly Love. From this point, just as repressed Manichaeism flowed on underground through the European centuries, showing up in the Puritan and Jansenist hatred of the flesh, so did the idealized erotism which was its secular shadow reappear in differing guises in life and literature. The myth of adultery, the *Tristan* romance, 'looms out like a watermark' from our moral chaos. In Australia the poems of Brennan and A. D. Hope's *The Wandering Islands* represent anguished wrestlings with the cult of passion in a virulent form. The most ancient elements in it come very near the surface in Hope's work particularly.

To summarize: 'The history of passionate love in all great literature from the thirteenth century down to our own day is the history of the descent of the courtly myth into "profane" life, the account of the more and more desperate attempts of Eros to take the place of mystical transcendence by means of emotional intensity. But magniloquent or plaintive, the tropes of its passionate discourse and the hues of its rhetoric can never attain to more than the glow of a resurgent twilight and the promise of a phantom bliss.'

Having stated his main thesis and traced the literary record in outline, Rougemont examines the relations between Love and War, and seeks a connection between the glorification of lawless passion and the rise of irrationalist politics in modern times. Here, however, his analysis needs to be linked up with work done along other lines on the gnostic-millenarian origins of the modern 'political religions' notably by Eric Voegelin in his *The New Science of Politics*. His book and de Rougemont's are primary contributions towards a rea

historical map of Western culture which is gradually being drawn by critical research. Modern revolutionaries and progressivists have frequently claimed a kinship with the older heretical movements. They are right to do so, for secular modernism has no originative power except in externals: the prevailing ideologies are a secularization of persistent gnostic ideas.

The final chapters of Rougemont's book are a defence of Christian love against the myth of passion. He rightly insists that Christian marriage is a realistic union of *persons*. It differs from the blind fundamentally egoistic union of romance in which Passion itself is really the lover's bride: each partner projects upon the other his inner erotic fantasy: 'In the eyes of Tristan, Iseult was nothing but the symbol of luminous Desire.' Christian love is a genuine acceptance of the other as a real person; not an impassioned narcissism.

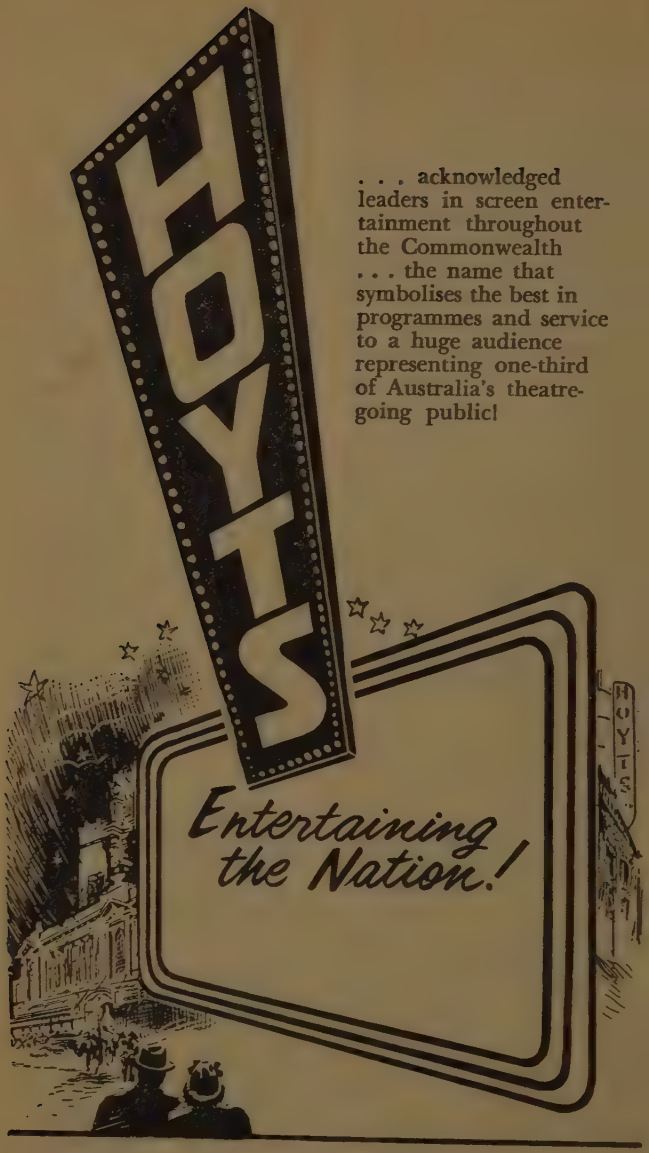
Rougemont shows how contradictory and destructive is the compromise attempted by bourgeois sentimentalism, which tries to square the circle and fill the structure of conventional once-Christian marriage with the explosive unrealism of romantic passion. Today bewildered couples try to live out the romantic formulae of Hollywood and popular novels. The search for a transfiguring ecstasy as the sole aim and content of the union, and the doctrine of the sovereign rights of 'irresistible' passion lead straight to glamourized adultery and the 'right' to divorce as soon as 'love' has disappeared. A public and a press whose sole religion is Tristanism proclaims the right of Edward to his Simpson, Margaret to her Townsend, Bergman to her Rossellini, Frankie to his Ava, and so on. The claims of children, of society, of honour, of God—the structure of human reality—are as nothing in this sentimental version of world-renouncing love. Princess Margaret is most deserving of honour for her difficult decision; which also happily removed her from the cast of that recurring tragi-farce called 'The Rights of Passion' which the newspapers are always eager to stage.

The defence of Christian love and marriage in the last part of the book is made from the standpoint of a Reformed theology with existentialist tendencies. The sacramental character of marriage is therefore rejected. The stability and meaningfulness of the institution seem to be made to rest on a bare act of individual will: 'a troth that is observed *by virtue of the absurd*—that is to say, simply because it has been pledged'. Fidelity is an 'absurd' or 'irrational' option no less than romantic passion is. How thin and modish and out-of-key this jargon sounds! One misses a vision of the radiance, as well as rationality, of that natural and supernatural union which St Paul (not a Manichaean anti-sexualist as some would misread him) proclaimed to be 'a great mystery'—a mirror of divine realities, a state in which carnal union is also an interplay of the unsealed fountains of grace. Nothing less than a metaphysical splendour brighter and more lasting than what it opposes will overcome the fatal lure of the cult of passion and heal the ravages it makes in the human heart.

James McAuley

MORTIMER SMITH:
The Diminished Mind
Regnery. Chicago.

The Diminished Mind of Mortimer Smith's title is that of the American schoolchild deprived by progressive education of essential intellectual culture. He quotes a university president as saying: 'the food of education had been softened down—nothing to bite on, with a deleterious effect upon the teeth of the mind.' Years of scoffing at the 'subject-centred curriculum' and at the three R's have produced results that have begun to show up in inquiries. The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umber of retarded readers in fresh-
en classes in New York City high
hools rose from twenty-six per cent
1938 to thirty-four per cent in
947. A Los Angeles test of 11,000
gh school juniors showed that
ighteen per cent didn't know how
any months there are in a year;
nteen per cent were doubtful as to
e cause for celebrating the Fourth
July; nine per cent didn't know
ow many three-cent stamps you can
uy for seventy-five cents.' The
mous *New York Times* inquiry into
e historical knowledge of college
udents produced discouraging
ems: twenty-five per cent of 7,000
udents did not know that Lincoln
as president during the Civil War,
irty per cent that Wilson was
esident during World War I. Then
the draft of World War II, 716,000
en, equivalent to forty divisions,
ere rejected on grounds of mental
eficiency, not mental disease. 'The
reater number of these were not so
uch deficient in mentality as they
ere educationally undernourished.'

Mortimer Smith has useful chapters
amining the replacement of educa-
on by Life Adjustment and its per-
rsion by being made the vehicle of
e indoctrination of students in a
cial Progress ideology. He shows
e effective hold that Deweyan
agmatists have got on the educa-
onal system and the professional
rogance of the educational admin-
rators. He exposes the increasing
illity of teacher training, where
bject matter disappears and the
udent is preoccupied with 'method-
ogy and pedagogical gadgetry'
ntil, as he quotes Harold L. Clapp
ying 'The appalling fact is that *our*
st poorly educated college graduates are
r teachers. A college which would
ise its academic standards is in-
riably hindered by the plight of the
rospective teacher, who because of
rofessional" requirements cannot
rry more than a minimum of
ademic work.' In Australia we
ow that universities can be
hindered even in their effort to
maintain standards by the demands of
Education Departments for lower-
level qualification.

Of course there has been a reaction. One of the leaders has been Professor Arthur Bestor, who has been rallying support for strengthening the intellectual framework of school and college. A Council for Basic Education has been formed. The address, for anyone who feels it might be worth getting in touch with possible allies in a battle which will have to be joined in this country is 208 Union Trust Building, Washington 5, D.C.

The entrenched Dewey-eyed educators have not taken this challenge lightly but have counter-attacked with the usual sneers, abuse and imputation of motives which controversy calls forth, not least amongst highminded progressives. Nor does the defence stop there: job pressures come into play. One of the worst cases of infringement of academic freedom in recent years in the USA was not connected with 'McCarthyism' at all and therefore not much exclaimed against by 'liberals': Professor Frank Richardson, a biologist, was discharged from the University of Nevada for protesting against the lowering of academic standards and making some criticisms of the educational system. The case is reported in Russell Kirk's very important book on *Academic Freedom*. Richardson subsequently won reinstatement by order of the Supreme Court of Nevada and the matter was taken up by the American Association of University Professors.

Mortimer Smith's book, and his earlier one *And Madly Teach*, should be read by every teacher and parent who clings to the view that 'mathematics is more than a "real life experience" which shows the pupil how to account for his lunch money.' It won't be, of course, if only because this is one of a very large class of important books which are published

in the USA and do not reach Australian bookshops because there is no English edition. At any rate the concluding advice is so good and timely that it should be circulated to all potential centres of resistance: 'The first thing parents must do is to understand the deep-seated bias of modern education which reflects the general philosophical bias of the last one hundred, and more, years, a bias involving the repudiation of ultimate truths in favour of pragmatic testing, the perversion of science into idolatry of the scientific method, the dethroning of man as individual in favour of sociological man. From this philosophical viewpoint spring many of the practices which are revolutionizing our schools. Under its aegis we are abandoning standards and refusing to acknowledge that any body of knowledge is appropriate for all men or that some subjects are intrinsically more important than others; in the name of science we are pretending to fit human beings into fixed and rigid categories of aptitude, thus perpetuating an argument made by opponents of universal education a hundred years ago, namely, that many persons are uneducable; and we are belittling man's inviolable privacy and individual responsibility and declaring that he can only find purpose as part of the collective and the group.'

Frank Loess

KINGSLEY AMIS:
A Case of Samples
Gollancz. London.

Amis is an embattled figure. He has won worthwhile renown with two novels, *Lucky Jim* and *That Uncertain Feeling*, and a species of fame for the 'attitudes' and social trends he is believed to represent. The character of Lucky Jim, an intelligent and permanently exasperated lecturer at a provincial British university, has been seized on by critics and sociologists anxious to discern the features of the current 'angry young man.' Because Lucky Jim blew a raspberry at sacred objects like medievalism, old music, folklore and many kinds of arty and academic lifemanship, tempers have risen remarkably. Even Somerset Maugham has snorted in an unelderly way about the scholarship boy 'scum' whom he takes Jim to represent. The effect of much that has been written in the three years since the novel was published has been to confuse Amis with his creation in entirety (an elementary error), and to focus attention on the book's social significance rather than its outstanding comic qualities. To a reader who, like myself, values Amis for his abilities as a writer and for the force of his views rather than their validity, his first selection of poems, now issued in a volume of 72 pages, is at once a disappointment and a cause for hope.

The disappointment arises principally from the conventional opacity of a number of the poems: it is Empson's tone but without his passion. Poems like 'The Garden,' 'Gulls,' 'Departure,' and 'The Triumph of Life,' though not lacking in technical devices, seem prematurely put to paper, as if the poet's conception had to pass through another stage of growth or clarification before achieving vitality. There is exasperation of the *Lucky Jim* kind (Professor Welch, 'The shabby pundit's prototype,' receives another buffeting in 'Mightier than the Pen'), but little comedy. Nor is there any narrative of the type at which a novelist with a gift for the picaresque might be expected to excel. But it is no crime on Amis's part to confound expectations. Even the general effect of bleakness, a bleakness which emerged as the dominant mood in *That Uncertain Feeling*, is not without its attractions The truth is that all that is wrong with a number of the poems is that they are a little dull. The book's anthology piece is 'Masters,' which

:hoes hymn-tune metres and is also ıe maturest expression of Amis's version to entrenched authority. The most hopeful thing about Amis s a poet is that he is obviously a andidate for the practice of what ۸. D. Hope calls the Discursive Mode *Quadrant*, Summer 1956-57). It is he movement of ideas which interests ıim primarily. In 'Here is Where' ne explicity mocks the sort of verse that is a catalogue of landscape images. 'Ode to the East-North-East-by-East Wind' thumbs its nose at conventional poetic admiration for the wild and untamed, seeing this admiration as childish egotism's tribute to childish aimlessness. 'Against Romanticism' prefers ordered woods 'devoid of beasts' to a 'long, voluble swooning wilderness.' 'A Song of Experience' reverses the usual conceit and presents a promiscuous commercial traveller as a boyish hero-figure:

What Blake presaged, what Lawrence took a stand on,
What Yeats locked up in fable, he performed.

The frequent literary references probably indicate that Amis is still in the process of ring-barking old trees before planting his own forest. His dislike for the grand manner, underlined in 'On Staying Still,' is in tune with the dedicatory poem of Auden's *Nones* (1952), which asserted that 'no civil style' survived but 'the wry, the sotto-voce, ironic and monochrome' (all four of which adjectives could be applied at times to Amis's work), and also with Professor Hope's plea for the revival of verse as conversation, particularly satirical conversation, in denuded times. Combativeness and scorn, puritanism ('Dirty Story') at war with sexual day-dreaming, tenderness struggling with irreverence and honesty with intemperateness are the obvious characteristics of the book. They seem to indicate that Amis could be another John Skelton, provided his bleaker side does not predominate. Certainly, the savagery, though not the ferocious verve, of Skeleton's 'Epitaph on John Jayberd of Diss' is matched by this epitaph on a poet whom it should not be difficult to identify:

They call you 'drunk with words' but when we drink
And fetch it up, we sluice it down the sink.
You should have stuck to spewing beer, not ink.

There is nothing so grand about this as Hope's '*saeva indignatio*' or 'golden lightening of derision.' It is merely peevish, if you like. But even peevishness can be refreshing, and a short course of Amis in this mood could be an antidote (more needed in England than here) to too much gracious thinking.

Roger Covell

EDWIN O'CONNOR:
The Last Hurrah
Reinhardt. London.

In these days it is a rare thing to come upon a novel about politics and politicians which is not moralistic. Exposures of corruption and denunciations of tyranny are two-a-penny. Admittedly this sort of didacticism has an important place, especially in complacent and somnolent societies. The trouble is, however, that once given a sniff of the political atmosphere, too many authors are inclined merely to point a moral lesson inside a rough, melodramatic framework, and go away with the idea that what they have created can be called art. Few are prepared to take the human character as it comes, as neither black nor white, but in all its shades of grey. Joyce Cary did so with Chester Nimmo, and now Mr O'Connor (though less subtle in his treatment) achieves almost similar artistic success with Frank Skeffington, a city boss of the kind that flourished in America some decades ago.

Reports of Conferences convened by the Congress for Cultural Freedom

SCIENCE AND FREEDOM

The Hamburg Conference of 1953 included a discussion of the social and moral obligations of the scientist and the freedom of science in the West. "One of the greatest concentrations of leading thinkers in the natural sciences ever to meet under one roof."—*Manchester Evening News.*

Published by Secker & Warburg, London. 26s. net

CULTURAL FREEDOM IN ASIA

At the Rangoon Conference of 1955 forty distinguished Asians discussed the problems cultural, economic and political, of the Asian people since the Second World War. This Report is a contribution of prime importance to Far Eastern affairs.

Published by Charles E. Tuttle Company, Tokyo

THE SOVIET ECONOMY

The first of a series of booklets arising out of the Milan Conference of 1955 on "The Future of Freedom". Contributors include Raymond Aron, Colin Clark, Bertrand de Jouvenel, Edward Shils, Peter Wiles and Bertram D. Wolfe.

Published by Secker & Warburg, London. 6s. 3d. net

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He gives a many-sided portrait of this vigorous old man's last campaign for Mayor. Skeffington is obviously a rogue, a liar and even a blackmailer; but he is also benevolent, paternal, generous. He has extraordinary qualities of drive and ruthlessness, and no less extraordinary reserves of easy, ingratiating complaisance. He can cheat without shame, yet charm without hypocrisy. In fact, lack of hypocrisy is his most amazing trait—amazing because hypocrisy is supposed to be an inbred disease among politicians. The explanation, as far as Skeffington's outlook is concerned, seems to be in his Irish-Catholic background, a background which dominated not only the original immigrants to the big American cities but their descendants for several generations after.

As Mr O'Connor suggests, the Irish have always been a political people, because they have been a downtrodden and therefore rebellious people. And in the United States, where they arrived without wealth or status, the only way they could rise to the top and look after themselves was through politics. For Skeffington, politics is a career with its own rules. But he is not double-faced, and Mr O'Connor's skill lies in making an apparently paradoxical figure both psychologically and socially credible. On his death-bed, Skeffington answers all his enemies and detractors. The dying man receives the last sacrament; he is stretched out waiting for the moment of death, while from the retinue all around him there is awed and dreadful silence. Suddenly a particularly pompous Catholic forgivingly remarks that if Skeffington were to have his time over again he would no doubt behave very differently. At this, Skeffington raises himself slightly and exclaims in a challenging whisper: 'The hell I would!'

Now this is not done simply to achieve a comic effect; it is intended as a true indication of character. At the same time, it strikes a humorous note. He uses the same method throughout the novel. He is not a purveyor of verbal wit, and must be one of the few American writers whose sense of fun does not derive from the Algonquin Round Table and *The New Yorker*. Nor are the events he describes uproariously farcical. It is simply that Mr O'Connor's attitude is full of humour and warm tolerance; he can stand anything about human nature except meanness, smugness, false piety and uncharitableness. He has no need to stress a person's foibles satirically, any more than to whip up slapstick situations.

Mr O'Connor avoids a chronological tabling of Skeffington's life from cradle to grave; this would have been too complicated and cumbersome. But in order to give a rounded impression of the man's personality, he is forced to adopt a not wholly persuasive device. The narrative merely follows Skeffington's last campaign, a period of a few months. There are, however, a good many historical and autobiographical asides, in which Skeffington talks about either himself or conditions in the old days. He obviously must have someone to talk to, and for this purpose Mr O'Connor introduces Skeffington's nephew, a young newspaper artist at once fascinated by his uncle yet a bit doubtful as to whether he should be fascinated. Skeffington is seen primarily through the eyes of this one character—Adam Caulfield, the detached observer. While this may be a handy means of putting the reader right into the story, Mr O'Connor does not make allowances for the possibility that the reader might resent being dragged in by the scruff of his neck and virtually told what he ought in the long run to think about Skeffington. To this extent, Mr O'Connor is clumsy and unsubtle, otherwise, he has compiled a rich picture of a man, of a city and its characters, of a political era.

Allan Ashbolt

E. J. OLIVER:
Coventry Patmore
Sheed & Ward. London.

Some years ago there appeared Derek Patmore's *Life and Times of Coventry Patmore*. A very good piece of work, it had one fault which was to make it appear that the author would divulge something scandalous concerning his grandfather's relationship with Alice Meynell towards the end of his life, whereas he divulged nothing of the sort. There was nothing disclosed that was not well known already, and quite innocuous really to the reputations of the two poets The hint of salacity was perhaps thrown out merely in order to sell the book. From English reviews of the present work I received the impression that it was exploiting the paradoxes in the poet's character, the 'extravagant contradictions' between his writings and his life, in order to sell another book.

Yet it is not so. Oliver, who writes well and with precision, is one of those who need careful reading, because they seem to suggest the opposite of what they hold. He does it by giving brilliance to the views he contests, while the ones he does hold are set forth more briefly and in plainer words. Seeming contradictions are such things as these: Patmore's *Angel in the House* seems to be quintessentially 'Victorian' yet its author was a very severe critic of Victorianisms; he was the poet of marriage and of domesticity, yet he had three wives (successively, of course) and was very severe upon puritanism in all its manifestations; he was an ardent Catholic, accused by some of bigotry, while many Catholics disliked him for his anti-clericalism, his intense conservatism, and for what they deemed the too sexual cast of his mysticism; finally, he who as a writer began with sparkling simplicities ended up with the profundities of *The Unknown Eros* and the gnomic prose of *The Rod, the Root & the Flower* which some noted critics have bracketed with Pascal's *Pensées*.

After listing such items Oliver says: 'In reality Patmore's character was neither complex nor contradictory; it was in fact his intransigence, the very straightness of his growth, which made him appear so difficult. He gave no concessions and presented to the world the twisted ramifications of an oak-tree, complex in appearance, but an entirely natural growth. *The Rod, the Root & the Flower* (his most brilliant work) has the same unity and the same apparent disorder.' In honesty and sincerity and strength, just as Dr Johnson stood out from the 18th century salons, so Patmore stood out amid Victorian progressives by reason of his 'erectness of carriage, idiosyncrasy of mind' and startling individuality. Among the staid, he was picturesque and unconventional.

Patmore respected posterity by leaving to it only his best, and hoped for the respect of posterity. Certainly he has been very fortunate in his biographers and essayists: Basil Champneys, Alice Meynell, Edmund Gosse, Frank Harris, Osbert Burdett, Herbert Read, Shane Leslie, Derek Patmore and now E. J. Oliver. They have had their fun at his expense (his politics were indeed ridiculous) and Patmore was not one to begrudge it, but fundamentally they all respect his writings, his fusion of love and religion, his idea that 'the whole of after-life depends very much upon how life's transient transfiguration in youth by love is subsequently regarded' and his intense Incarnational view of life.

Two minor points in Oliver are perhaps worth mentioning. Patmore's third wife Harriet whom most find uncongenial comes out of it 'with dignity'; whilst the friendship with Alice Meynell is dealt with justly: 'She was worthy of his devotion and his work was worthy of her respect'.

Martin Hale

ENIS WARNER:
ut of the Gun
utchinson. London.

The title refers to Mao's reiterated ssertion of the essential role of armed orce in the Communist programme f world domination: 'the whole orld can be remoulded only with he gun' and 'political power grows ut of the gun'. Warner traces the levelopment of Communist planning nd action in Asia since the war. He hows also the irresolution and llusions of the Western nations, their epeated swinging from a con- emptuous under-estimation of the otentialities of Asian opponents to a udden panicky over-estimation lead- ing to disastrous concessions and abandonments. Asia, he believes, could be saved, but the West is falling for the fraudulent peace propaganda 'and the foundations of South-East Asia turn into dust and men's blood into water. We may yet live to see the whole Western world become another Dien Bien Phu'.

W. R. LETHABY:
Architecture, Nature and Magic
Duckworth. London.

'At the inner heart of ancient building were wonder, worship, magic, and symbolism; the motive of ours must be human service, intelligible structure, and verifiable science'. These collected papers on the meaning of ancient forms retain their value. They were first printed in 1928.

T. A. G. HUNGERFORD (editor):
Australian Signpost
Cheshire. Melbourne.

Among worthwhile contributions to this anthology are articles by Manning Clark on 'Rewriting Australian History', W. E. H. Stanner on 'The Dreaming' (aboriginal outlook on man and the world) and Russel Ward 'Waltzing Matilda'.

DOUGLAS PIKE:
Paradise of Dissent—South Australia 1829-1857
Longmans. London.

A substantial study of how South Australia got that way. 'Settled in 1836 by men whose professed ideals were liberty, social opportunity and equality for all religions', it became a society in which social graduations were upon the single measure of 'respectability', roads to respectability being 'early arrival, thrift, temperance and its illegitimate offspring abstinence, piety and the ownership of land'.

ANTHONY HARTLEY (editor):
The Penguin Book of French Verse: 3, The Nineteenth Century
Penguin. London.

'Beacuse it was no longer possible for the poet to think of society as being affected by his works . . . his only alternative was to exalt his art from some other point of view. From *lawgiver* the poet became *mage* (i.e. one aspiring to power though magical operations). If he could not change the world around him, he would create new worlds from language'.

F. W. BATESON (editor):
Selected Poems of William Blake
Heinemann. London.

Preface and notations make this the best introduction to Blake now available.

CAMARA LAYE:
The Radiance of the King
Collins. London.

An allegory by the French West African who wrote a remarkable autobiography *The Dark Child.*

WILLIAM GOLDING, JOHN WYNDHAM, MERVYN PEAKE:
Sometime, Never
Eyre & Spottiswode. London.

Three 'tales of imagination'.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

L. H. Allen in his first published work *Gods and Wood-things* (Angus & Robertson 191[illegible] treated classical themes in prose and verse. Of four later volumes of poet[illegible] the latest is *Patria* (Melbourne University Press 1941), nine sonnets o[illegible] Australia.

George Baker was Canberra correspondent for a time for the late lamented Melbourn[illegible] *Argus* and is now writing a book on aspects of Australian public life.

A. R. Chisholm editor of the complete works of C. J. Brennan, the first volume of whic[illegible] will appear later in this year, is a distinguished scholar and critic.

Alexander Craig has published a volume of poems *Far-Back Country* (Cheshire 1954).

Sudhin Datta is a leading Indian poet and critic writing in Bengali; some of his pros[illegible] and verse in English translation has appeared in international periodicals

Murray Groves historian and anthropologist now at the Australian National Universit[illegible] is preparing for publication a study of the Motu people of Papua.

Keith Harrison has published poems in several Australian magazines.

Kenneth Hince writes on music for *The Canon* and other publications.

D. G. M. Jackson writes current affairs comment in the Melbourne *Advocate*.

Francis Letters has published books on *Virgil* (Sheed & Ward 1946) and *Sophocles* (Sheed & Ward 1953) and is now Assistant Professor of Classics at The University of New England.

Clive Sansom a Quaker poet now in Tasmania in charge of speech education for the Education Department, is the author of *The Witnesses* (Methuen 1956), a dramatic poem which won a Festival of Britain Award in 1951 and was performed for the BBC and the ABC. He is now completing a new dramatic work from which the poem in this issue is taken.

E. O. Schlunke has published a collection of his stories entitled *The Man in The Silo* (Angus & Robertson 1955).

E. W. Titterton Professor of Nuclear Physics at the Australian National University has published 'for the intelligent layman' *Facing the Atomic Future* (Cheshire 1956).

"Dons Know Best . . . . "

Not always, perhaps, but at any rate where the government of Universities is concerned. Recent events have shown that academic freedom is by no means secure, even in democratic countries.

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